THE ILLUSTRATED Newspaper.

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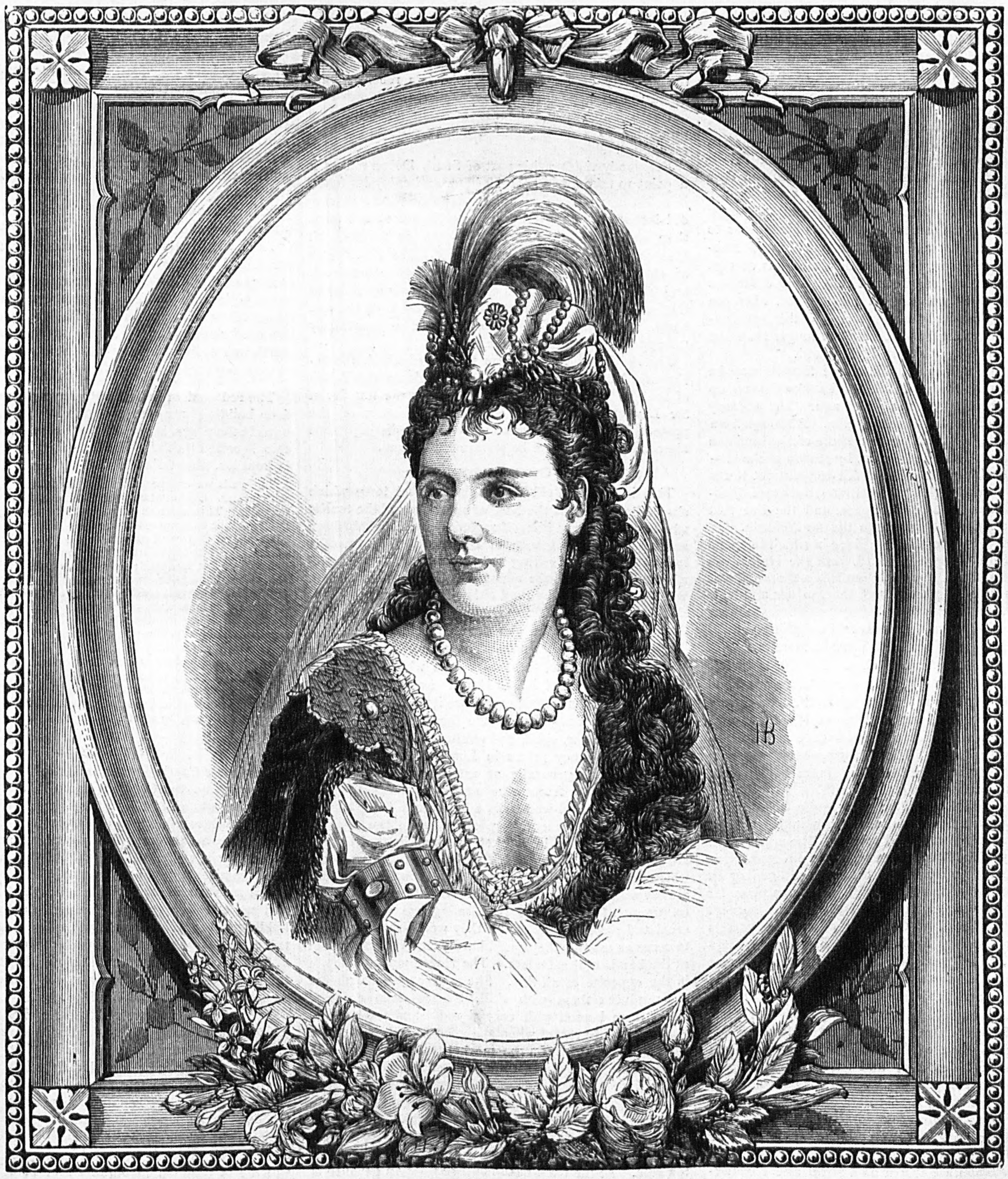

MISS NEILSON AS "REBECCA."—*From a Photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.*

PICTURES
ON
ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

PENDENNIS CASTLE.

THIS old fortress, which forms the subject of our artist's sketch on page 72, is one of the many interesting objects of the visit to Falmouth. It stands upon the southern tongue of land at the mouth of Falmouth Harbour, overlooking at once the magnificent haven, the broad sea, and the shores of the English Channel north and south of the estuary. The elevation of the castle is 198 feet above the level of the sea. The tower was erected during the reign of Henry VIII. The castle covers a good deal of ground, and is an efficient and powerful fortress at the present time, ready to defend the shores of Old England against any possible enemy who should make for Falmouth with a view to invasion. It is fortified on all sides by bastions, protected by outlying batteries, and well furnished with barracks and magazines. We do not envy the position of a foreign fleet that should attempt to make an entrance by force into the fair and spacious waters of Falmouth Harbour.

The visitor to Exeter, inspecting the handsome interior of the old Guildhall, will make note of a very fine portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., placed there in remembrance of the fact that her Majesty took refuge in that city for a time, previous to her escape from England. When it was no longer safe for her to remain at Exeter, she journeyed by road to Falmouth, with the object of taking ship for France, and before embarking she sheltered for awhile in Pendennis Castle, which was held at that time for the Royalists against the forces of the Commonwealth. That was in 1644. Two years later Prince Charles stayed for a short time in the castle, and then sailed across to the Scilly Islands. He was not away much too soon, for the fortress was shortly after invested by the Parliamentary forces. But it took six months to capture. The castle was held most bravely and stubbornly by the governor, John Arundell, who was at that time almost a nonagenarian. The gallant defenders only yielded at last to extreme hunger, and when the Royal flag was lowered the governor had the gratification of knowing that he had held out longer than the defender of any other fortress in England.

In the land round by the side of the fortress may be seen to this day traces of the earthworks thrown up during the famous siege 230 years ago. The scenery in the vicinity of the castle is very fine. Although from no spot of vantage on this western shore of England can any part of the Continent be seen, by reason of the distance, the Cornish guide will not fail to point out to the tourist, from these heights and ramparts, the exact direction in which lies the coast of Spain, and the line that would take a sail right away into the far Atlantic.

Falmouth is a very interesting place in which to spend a few days. The town is small, and the streets are narrow and indifferently paved; but it is a thorough and typical Cornish fishing town, and that, to our minds, is an attraction. In Falmouth you are apt sometimes to fancy that you are afloat upon the ocean. Everything you see and everything you do seems to partake more or less of the character of life on board ship. Yet the town has its institutions, its public hall, its concerts, and its local talent. It is a place that lives by itself, having very little connection with the rest of the world, except as a place through which passes a good deal of traffic to and from foreign lands. The only other town you ever hear mentioned there is Truro, for Truro holds, as it were, the landward gates of Falmouth.

The Royal Hotel at Falmouth is quite a mansion, standing in pleasant grounds, and commanding a magnificent circuit of sea and land scenery. The appearance and capacity of the hotel, when regarded in connection with the size and population of the town, will convey an idea of the importance of Falmouth both as a place for tourists and as a stage in many an important journey. The town is, indeed, still a stage of call for vessels bound from London, Southampton, Portsmouth, Plymouth, &c., to all parts of the world; and a great many voyagers desirous of avoiding a portion of the coast passage, and for other reasons, embark at Falmouth instead of at the before-named ports. For some time past a keen controversy has raged as to the policy of removing a portion of the mail packet service from Southampton to Falmouth; and though Southampton holds on fast to the privileges which she enjoys in this respect, there are many who think that Falmouth has superior advantages, and that in the end she will get the better of her Hampshire antagonist.

Strange to say, notwithstanding the remarkable facilities of Falmouth Harbour as a naval and commercial port, the town can hardly be said to have had any existence three hundred years ago. It owes its foundation to Sir Walter Raleigh, who landed there on his return from Guinea, and found only one house besides the mansion of Arwenack. Sir Walter had a keen eye to business, and he represented to Her Majesty's Council in London the great advantages of Falmouth Harbour; whereupon inhabitants began to congregate at the spot; a village was built which developed into a town, till, about two hundred years ago, it was converted into a corporate borough by Royal charter.

In this harbour it is said that "a hundred sail of vessels may anchor and not one see the mast of another." This is by reason, not of its spaciousness only, but of the large number of wooded islands and hilly peninsulas, between which there are numerous deep-water creeks in which vessels may lie at anchor. We know of no more pleasant undertaking upon which the tourist may enter than that of exploring these intricate waters, and making long excursions up the River Fal.

ON HALDON.

Unless you get behind a house, or on the wrong side of a hill, it is not possible on any spot in Exeter, or over many miles of country in the city's vicinity, to avoid seeing the Haldon range of hills and the Belvidere Tower. Though at a distance of some eight or nine miles from Exeter these hills seem to the eye to flank the River Exe, they are, in fact, the outlying elevations of Dartmoor. Upon Haldon stands Haldon House, the seat of Sir Lawrence Palk, M.P. for East Devon, recently visited by the ex-Emperor of the French, who took advantage of the hon. baronet's hospitality to mount the Belvidere Tower and look upon the vast expanse of Devonshire scenery to be observed at that elevation. Sir Lawrence Palk is Lord of the Manor, and his manor includes the whole of the charming town of Torquay, where Napoleon has been staying during the last few weeks. In point of fact Torquay is often spoken of in the district as being the property of Sir Lawrence, who has recently built there, at enormous cost, a fine new pier, which stretches out into Torbay, and affords at once an additional protection to shipping and a means of loading and unloading.

Everybody visiting this part of South Devon makes it a point to take a trip over Haldon, and enjoy its fresh, keen breezes, as Louis Napoleon and his son and suite did last week. The distance from Exeter is not more than eight miles; but from Dawlish or Teignmouth Haldon is reached in an hour's walk. The hills rise to an elevation of upwards of 800 feet above sea-level, and from any part of them may be seen many miles of the fertile plains and undulations of Devon, on the one hand, and parts of the ancient and extraordinary "forest" of Dartmoor on the other.

The Belvidere Tower—from the top of which the ex-Emperor looked across Dartmoor and down the Valley of the Exe last week—is a monument to the founder of Sir Lawrence Palk's family, the grandfather of the present baronet, an officer who greatly distinguished himself in India, where he amassed a fortune.

OKEHAMPTON.

This is the good old Devonshire market town which should be chosen as the base of operations of the tourist who wishes to make himself acquainted with the northern and most interesting side of Dartmoor. The traveller in South Devon, desiring to render himself master of all the features of the country which he is exploring, will do well to go by road either from Moreton Hampstead or Lidford, or from Drewsteignton, or Chagford, during his sojourn in one or other of those places. There is excellent accommodation and good fare at the White Hart at Okehampton, and he who would know every phase of rural life in Devon should take care to be in this town on Saturday and see its market, at which the wives and daughters of the farmers of the county attend with butter, eggs, and poultry, of such quality as would realise fancy prices in London, while there the goods are sold generally at rates considerably lower than they would fetch even at Exeter market. The Devonshire market-woman is a lesson to all England in her manner of presenting poultry before the eyes of purchasers. Never in market or shop in that county are to be seen the wretched, dirty-looking, scraggy birds which are so often placed before buyers in London, and almost without exception in the Midland counties. The treatment of dead fowls in Birmingham market is a cruel and sickening sight. If they were fish condemned to serve as manure they could hardly receive less respect at the hands of the dealers. The Devon market-woman is the opposite of all this. She is very tender with the birds, plucks them with skill, trusses them daintily, packs them herself with careful regard to the appearance they will present when she goes to sell them; and lays them out at last on the market stall in a manner to create a prejudice against butcher's meat.

We have so often spoken of Dartmoor when we have arrived within range of that wonderful region of solitude from one side or another, that we will not dwell upon the subject at any length to-day; but we must give expression to our predilection for exploring it on the Okehampton side. At the back of the village rises an expanse of heathy upland called, by courtesy, Okehampton Park, from whose sides as you ascend you get fine views of fertile Devonshire country by now and then turning and looking townwards. You must climb to the topmost ridge of this acclivity before you see anything of Dartmoor, and then the strange vision suddenly breaks upon your senses. Leagues of granite and bog! Primæval rocks in form as if they had been liquid once, and had been suddenly fixed hard as adamant at the moment when they were tossed about like the waters of a tempestuous sea in the very acme of its fury! A definitely marked line is drawn between the arid, desolate moor and the rich and fruitful earth around it. On this side are fertile fields, clusters of trees, tall, overgrowing hedges—a wide-spreading kaleidoscope pattern of beautiful vegetation,—on that side granite. The outlines of the giant tors are hard against the sky. The headlands are fantastic and ghostly.

This expanse was once the bottom of the ocean, and those mountain heads, piled up with great masses of rock, were breakers. Awfully did the salt waves of thousands upon thousands of years ago dash themselves to pieces and throw up wild foam over these moors. That is all over now, and this is the highest level of earth in the southern quarters of the island. Long after the sea was gone the barbarous Britons made their home near here, and performed their Druid rites and offered up human sacrifices on Dartmoor. They have left very distinct traces of their handiwork. Out towards Chagford are their "circles," their huts; their sacrificial stones.

The weather, and the season, too, should be dry when you go to wander on Dartmoor. At all other times the travelling is rough and perilous; but generally you may ascend Yes Tor, the highest peak on the moor, in a walk and a climb of about an hour and a half from Okehampton. Upon that height the air is always keen, and if there is a stiff breeze blowing elsewhere you will not be able to keep your footing on the top of Yes Tor. The scenery from that high vantage is past anything that you can imagine. On one side you may look across the tors as far as Princetown and the penal prison of Dartmoor. Out southward is the English Channel; westward is the Bristol Channel. The range of undulating, cultivated land beneath the sunlight on a clear summer's afternoon is so extensive that you cannot help wondering how it is possible for so large a surface to be brought under the eye.

After visiting this part of the moor you must go down towards Lidford and see the Island Rocks, where the waters of the West Okement run down a mighty gorge among gigantic boulders. The scene is one that suggests ideas of creation in a half-finished state, with the marks upon it of the awful convulsions by which the earth was wrought into its present form.

COB.

The red mud of which so many walls, cottages, and farm buildings are constructed in Devon, more especially outside the towns, is one of the peculiarities of the county; this is called "cob." The following description of cob is from Dr. Shapter's "Climate of South Devon:—

> The walls are composed of clay earth and straw, mixed up with water, like mortar, and then well beaten and trodden together. This mixture is always laid upon a foundation of stonework, it being necessary to keep it dry; hence the Devonshire adage, that "all cob wants is a good hat and a good pair of shoes." The cob mixture is laid on in layers, generally from two to four feet in depth; it is essential that each separate layer should be allowed some weeks to settle, and it is then pared perpendicularly even, before another is added. When the successive layers form walls of sufficient height they are surmounted by thatch. Some months after the walls are quite finished, and supposed to be dry, they are plastered, whitewashed, or rough cast, which provincially is called *slap-dash*. This mode of building is much cheaper than stone or brick, and if kept dry is very durable. Cob houses are warm in winter, cool in summer, and in every respect as comfortable as other buildings; they form picturesque objects in the landscapes of Devon, grown over, as they generally are, by myrtles, rose trees, and other shrubs and flowers.

AU REVOIR.

Pendennis Castle forms the last of the present series of pictures on the Great Western Railway, and, therefore, brings to an end for a time our garrulous gossip on scenes and recollections of Devonshire and Cornwall. When the artist drops his pencil we are reduced to silence for a while, though our mind is full of pictures and reminiscences old and new of the fair land through which runs the line and tributaries of the Great Western, and we could go on for an indefinite number of weeks holding our indulgent reader by the button-hole, and talking of a country which seems to us more like a land of fiction, or region made real only behind the footlights, than a bit of the common-place world in which most of us are doomed to spend our days.

We have not yet done with these scenes and sketches. This is but the inaugural series of our Pictures on English Railways. By and by we shall visit again those counties, and extend our explorations into other of the districts opened up to the tourist and the idler by the splendid railway system of this country. Pictures on the English Railways are inexhaustible in number and variety, and we do not expect for many a day and many a season to bring to a stop a gallery of works of art which has been so favourably and so kindly received by our readers. We are now, however, on the threshold of winter, and this is not the time to continue these pilgrimages. For the present, therefore, we say *au revoir* to the tourists who have accepted our company thus far, hoping to meet them again when the hedges grow green once more.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

FOG.

A LONDON fog is, we have good reason to believe, not quite what it used to be. Years ago the smoke formed a serious addition to the dense mass of vapour; but London is not half so smoky as it was in those days. Nevertheless, even such opaque white mists as those of which we have had experience during the last week or two are sufficiently notable and inconvenient phenomena, though this is only October, and we shall have much worse visitations in November and December.

It is interesting to watch the operation of these heavy autumn mists, more particularly in the rural suburbs and in the parks, at a distance from the streets and houses. They come generally in the morning, after the rising of the sun; and are usually at their thickest from eight to nine o'clock. These October fogs have not been in any degree disagreeable to the olfactory organs, they have not seriously interfered with the respiratory functions of healthy persons, and, so far as our experience goes, very little inconvenience has attended them beyond that of limiting the range of vision. They are warm and clean fogs, and have been for the most part the forerunners of a few very bright, clear, and pleasant hours of the most welcome sort of October weather.

They produce curious effects, which we have never seen noted. For example, they very sensibly change the colour of the leaves on the trees, and alter the hue of the grass. If you inspect such autumn vegetation as retains its verdure at this time, through a few feet of fog, making the distance through which you look so short that there is no sensible degree of mist between you and the object, you will notice that all green foliage assumes a deep, somewhat lurid, blue-green, the like of which you have never before observed upon foliage. It will remind you of the appearance of a shrubbery by night under certain effects of illumination; but there is no further resemblance between the two cases than that which arises out of the fact that a change has taken place in the medium through which you inspect the object. We are not sufficiently scientific to speak of the chemical effect of these infinitesimal particles of fog upon the broken and partly intercepted rays of the sun; but it is certain that trees and shrubs do not wear, under a heavy rain, the aspect they assume when seen through a fog. A broad and very heavy thundercloud overhead will effect an alteration in the hues of vegetation, but this again is not quite the phenomenon seen through these mists.

Again, if it has never occurred to you to reflect why the mist does not move off, you will begin to understand it if you watch for movements of leaves and branches. For then you note that the lightest leaf is quite motionless, as if it were made of cast iron. The stillness of everything around you that ordinarily moves with the slightest agitation of the atmosphere is almost oppressive as you watch. So, there is no wind to carry off the vapours drawn by the warmth of the sun out of the dampness of the earth, and the vapours remain immovable. This is not all the theory of the fog, but it is a part of it. For the first time, perhaps, in his life, the unscientific observer will call to mind the fact that he never experienced at the same time a fog and a high wind.

Apropos of our remark as to the modified character of modern London fogs, we may note the fact that for many years no such dense eclipses of the rays of the sun have happened in the metropolis as used, at intervals of four or five seasons, to make a topic for the newspapers, and form a subject of conversation for a week or two throughout the country. The last really extraordinary fog on record occurred, we believe, on the 20th of December, 1813, and there had been one of similar density in the previous January. The most remarkable fog in the annals of London was that on New Year's Day, 1720, when several of the carriers of sedan chairs fell with their burdens into the canal in St. James's Park, some into Fleet Ditch, and others into the Thames. We may suppose that the occupants of the chairs had been celebrating the inauguration of the new year, and that the chairmen had not been altogether overlooked in the hospitalities of the season.

THE PLAYWRIGHTS OF OUR DAY.

Without wishing to cast any reflection upon the intelligence of the managers of theatres, it may be a question whether they are altogether qualified to pass judgment on a new drama submitted to them in MS. Publishers sometimes make mistakes as to the value of literary works submitted to them for consideration, though, as a rule, the great publishers belong to the ranks of the intellectual classes, and are at least as well able to form a correct opinion of a new book as the average reader, with the additional advantage that they habitually watch the tendency of public taste. This can hardly be said in the same degree of the theatrical manager. As a rule he is not a man to whom we should go if we wanted to know, from internal evidence, whether a recently discovered old play, professing to have been written by Shakespeare, were genuine. Literary merit goes a very long way towards the success of a drama, and how many managers are there by whose decision we should like to abide on a nice question of literary merit? It is true that, as the publisher watches the turns of popular fancy, so does the manager; but the manager does so in a different sense. His attention is directed in a far greater degree to the elements of success in an actor than to those in a drama. That is his natural line. If he is worthy of his position he very rarely, or never, makes a mistake about a player's talent, or about the actor's ability to please an audience.

A critic of no little experience and knowledge of stage life and the drama thus speaks this week, in a contribution to the columns of the *Birmingham Morning News*, on this subject:—

> Theatrical management, however, may be said to be a supernatural business altogether. It is based on an assumption of the infinite stupidity of the public. I know four dramatic authors who may be said to hold possession of the London stage. I know twenty authors of dramas who cannot get a hearing. There is a certain man, whom I will call "Who's Griffiths?" who, within the last twenty years, has produced something like a hundred dramas, of which only one can be said to have achieved anything like success. Yet every theatrical manager in London is ready to consider the productions of "Who's Griffiths" as though he were veritably a safe man. Not six months ago, at least six theatres in London were monopolised by a man whom I will name "Go Further and Fare Worse." I express only a personal, although a very strong, conviction, when I say that not one of his pieces revealed, in the slightest degree, either literary or dramatic capacity. You know the career of the late Mr. Robertson. He struggled at starvation rate for years. Nobody would give him a hearing. He wrote play after play. His comedies had been submitted to every manager in London, and by nearly every manager in London had been rejected with supercilious contempt. That bright and brilliant genius, Marie Wilton, detected their merit in a moment, and by their instrumentality she made the fortunes of her charming little establishment in Tottenham-street. You know that she is reviving them in succession. "Ours," on its reproduction, ran a whole season. I have the best authority for assuring you that the first three weeks of the revived "Caste" brought more money to the Prince of Wales's Theatre than has been ever realised in the same period under its present management. And yet the price paid to the legal representatives of the author, according to the conditions on which the plays were originally produced, is handsome almost beyond parallel. In three weeks Miss Wilton banks £1,000 net profits on the productions of a man who was for years haughtily and contumaciously snubbed by all the managers in London. And yet the managers do not learn wisdom. They will lavish incredible expenditures on the most worthless productions of men whose names happen to be known to the public; whilst they refuse even to read the dramas of men whose misfortune it is to have yet to make their fame. But better days are coming.

In what direction does our critic look for better days? The responsibility of accepting and rejecting dramas can hardly be taken out of the hands of the managers. The financial success or failure is theirs, and who shall dictate to them as to the plays they shall put upon the boards?

The only remedy we can imagine would be that a society of dramatists should take in hand the management of a theatre or two. It is just possible, however, that that would not mend the matter, for then should we not, perhaps, be handed over to the monopoly of a clique of writers? Natural demand and supply is a principle that has its faults; but it is not easy to find a better.

COUNTRY LIFE.

"STARS" IN LIVERPOOL.

A WEEK or two since we made a note in this column of the remarkably successful starring expedition of Mr. Toole through the provinces. We have a cutting to-day from the *Liverpool Daily Post* relating to a theatrical event the particulars of which will be read with regret by playgoers all over the country.

Last Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan bade a final farewell to their Liverpool audience, and announced their withdrawal from the stage. The pieces on the occasion were "Still Waters Run Deep" and "The First Night." It is hard to part with these *artistes* under any circumstances, and their appearance in these plays on their farewell night was not calculated to soften the pain of parting. Speaking particularly of Mr. Wigan's more recent impersonations, those who have seen him in "The First Night" will not easily admit that his place upon the boards can be filled by another. The following is the address delivered by Mr. Wigan between the pieces:—

> Ladies and Gentlemen,—Before I assume the grotesque costume of the next, and also the last, part I shall have the honour of playing before you—a costume which would throw an air of burlesque over what I have to say—I trust you will allow me to address to you a few words in my own person. As I am, so to speak, a double star to-night, I am sure I shall not offend the press—to whose subtle, refined, and instructive criticism I am so much indebted—if I assume for the moment the editorial "we." "We," then, beg to assure you that nothing could better cheer the sadness inseparable from the relinquishment of our professional career than the most kind, cordial, and enthusiastic recognition which you have shown always, but more especially during the past week, of our efforts to amuse you. We had hoped to continue those efforts for some years longer; but in consequence of a loss of money, very heavy to a man of my slender means, caused by the failure of a certain banking company in this town, by which I fear some of my hearers have suffered also, I made arrangements for a tour in the United States, in order, if possible, to retrieve that loss. Unfortunately, medical advice has not only forbidden that, but enjoined a speedy retirement altogether from so exciting a profession as ours must always be to those with sufficient susceptibility to attain anything like excellence. There always is a certain melancholy feeling in doing anything, however trivial, for the last time, and to say farewell to so many kind friends is very sad indeed. But we will not dwell on so melancholy a theme, but look to the brighter side of the picture, and assure those who are kind enough to take an interest in us that, though our health is seriously damaged, we are told that, with care and repose, we may reasonably look forward for some years to come of moderate enjoyment of the goods of this life. We beg most cordially to thank Mr. Saker and the rest of our fellow *artistes*—indeed, his whole staff—for their zealous, cordial, and able co-operation; but still more we thank them for a most gratifying token of their esteem and brotherly regard, conveyed to us last night in the shape of a very elegant little present, accompanied with cordial, manly words, which more enhanced its value. We also thank the directors of this theatre for their kindness towards us. We thank you heartily, ladies and gentlemen, for the kind support which Liverpool has ever given us in public, and for its generous and hearty hospitality in private. If I felt less I could say more; but I trust you will feel that enough has been said, when we say once more, "Thank you, and farewell!"

We will quote also, from the same paper, a portion of the account of the events that followed and those which preceded this address:—

> Amid the torrent of plaudits Mr. Wigan brought on his wife to receive her share of an applause whose manifestations were increased on her appearance. Mrs. Wigan vainly strove to hide her recognition of the greeting she received under cover of one of the bouquets that were showered upon her, and finally retired with her husband amid a storm of adieux; such as may fairly be supposed to add a bitter sweetness to the pain of parting from a scene endeared by the memory of many well-earned triumphs.
>
> The presentation to which Mr. Wigan referred in his speech was made by Mr. E. Saker, on behalf of the company, in the green room, on Friday evening. The gift was a silver claret jug, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented by Edward Saker, and the members of his company, to Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, as a small tribute to their great talents on retiring from the profession they have so brilliantly adorned." On the same day, several of the directors of the theatre (which belongs to a limited liability company) invited Mr. and Mrs. Wigan to luncheon, at which they were presented with a handsome centrepiece, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co.

We cannot persuade ourselves to accept Mr. Wigan's last words as final. We will hope to see him and Mrs. Wigan again behind the footlights.

TOO REAL.

Was it in imitation of the squeak of a pig that a mountebank, whose story is told by Gil Blas, was so successful, that his rival, who came upon the stage and made a real pig, concealed under his cloak, squeak, was hissed off by the audience as a miserable failure? An incident which somehow reminds us dimly of the old anecdote in the incomparable French novel has just occurred at Bristol. On Monday morning the following letter appeared in a Liverpool journal:—

> TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY POST.—Sir,—I paid my shilling on Friday night in the Queen's Hall to see Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, and went particularly to witness "Fra Diavolo." Instead of this part being performed by Mrs. Howard Paul, as all the bills and advertisements state, this lady never appeared at all in the piece, but some strange gentleman took her place. As there was no apology made nor notice given of such substitution, I consider that my money ought to have been returned, for I certainly should not have gone had I not been misled by the Queen's Hall bills.—Yours, &c., JAMES SHANNON, 38, Lambert-street, October 21, 1871.

Mr. Shannon did not get his shilling returned, but he had not to wait long for his apology. Tuesday's issue of the same paper contained the following amusing reply:—

> TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY POST.—Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. James Shannon, yesterday paid me a superb compliment without intending it. He says he invested a shilling on Friday night last to see me play *Fra Diavolo*; that I did not appear, and that the part was enacted by some "strange gentleman." I beg to assure your correspondent that I was the "strange gentleman" that so mystified him, and that I have appeared in "Fra Diavolo" every night since I began my engagement at the Queen's Hall.
>
> It is part of my business as an *artiste* to disguise myself as much as possible when I assume a character, and it seems I have done so with a vengeance to the utter obfuscation of Mr. Shannon's perception. Let him invest another shilling, and after this statement see if he cannot trace my features through his lorgnette.—Yours, &c., (Mrs.) HOWARD PAUL, October 23, 1871.

Mr. Shannon would have completed his case if he had ventured an opinion upon the quality of the acting of the "strange gentleman;" though his judgment would not, perhaps have been worth very much. Anyhow this is another leaf in Mrs. Howard Paul's chaplet. In our opinion she is one of the cleverest actresses on or off the stage, and we are not surprised that the man who could see nothing notable in her personation of *Fra Diavolo* should not have been able to detect the famous actress through her stage disguises.

A LARGE reward has been offered for the apprehension of Thomas Tully, who has absconded, and who is accused of obtaining securities of the value of £15,000 by means of fraud. Mr. Tully, who lived at Franklin House, Upper Norwood, is stated to have speculated to a considerable extent on the Stock Exchange.

THE Secretary of State has decided that all applications for retirement or exchange, dated and left on or before the 31st inst. with the commanding officer under whom the officer retiring or exchanging is serving, must be carried out and completed under the terms of the warrant of the 27th December, 1870.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.
"To Perry Davis & Son, London."
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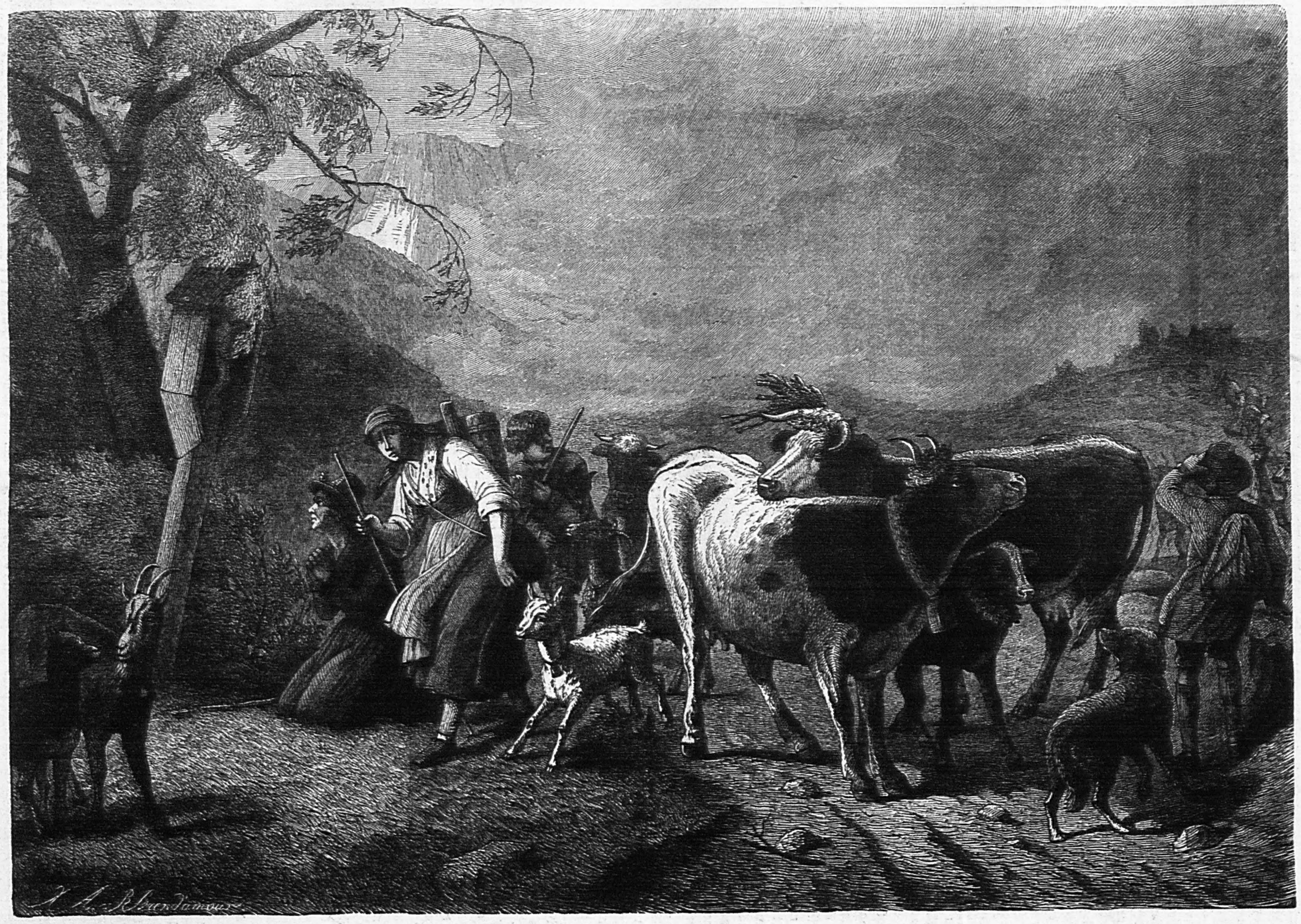
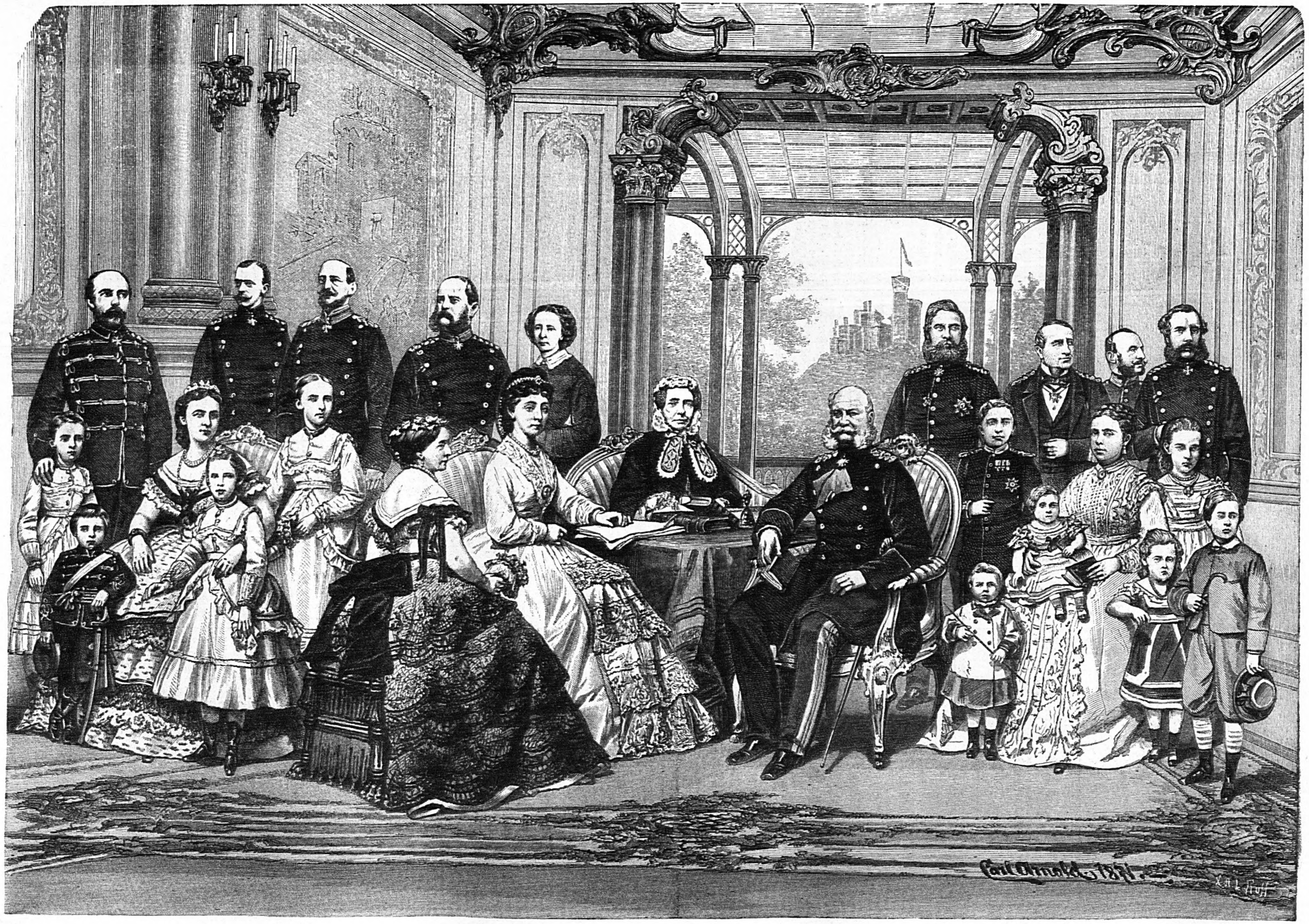


BEFORE THE STORM.


Carl Arnold 1871

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF PRUSSIA.

AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—
Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. Bateman.
Produced for the first time,
PICKWICK,

By Charles Dickens, adapted and arranged expressly for this Theatre by James Albery.

The piece is produced in Four Acts, with a remarkable cast of characters, characteristic scenery, costumes, &c. [486

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.—Patronised by Royalty and the *élite* of the United Kingdom. UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS. Entertainments irresistibly charming. Performances ever varied, ever new, by the incomparable Troupe of Artistes and superb stud of fifty Horses.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE. — IMMENSE SUCCESS of the WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MATINEES. Crowded and delighted audiences. Open at 2; Carriages at 4.15. Box-office open daily from 10 till 3.

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General Manager.
Paddington Station. [497

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THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

London, October 28, 1871.

For many days the autumn leaves have been lying on the grass in plots of rich yellow, brown, and red, but they are losing their bright tints now, and we are beginning to realise that winter is at hand. We are again amongst fires and fogs. The sun is red through the mist in the morning, and the moon is yellow through the mist at night. The publishers have entered upon the winter campaign, and promise poems and novels to suit all readers. The magazines are already more attractive, and paragraphs about annuals and Christmas pantomimes speak emphatically of coming frost and snow. The watering places are deserted, and the light jackets and sea-side hats of the ladies have given way to furs and comforters. Everybody is returning to town for the winter campaign, the clubs are full again, and the theatres have all attractive programmes. The ungenial-looking fire screens, with their fancy paper flounces, have been taken from the grates to give place to burning coals. The kettle sings again on the hob in competition with the cricket. The cat broods on the hearthrug, and the flames light up the walls with cheerfulness. We take up our warm slippers from the fender, and renew acquaintance with dear old friends in dear old books that have lain on the shelves looking at the bare, blackleaded grating all the summer. The church is lighted with gas on Sunday evenings, and "coughing drowns the parson's saw." Yes, it is the season of colds and gruels, of musical parties, of card parties, of books, of theatres, of friendly meetings and pleasant evenings by the fireside. Let us not forget the poor, for the poor we have always amongst us, and it is in winter that they are brought face to face with heart-rending hardships. It is in winter that they have a terrible fight for a little food, a little fire, and scant clothing. We have sent hundreds of thousands of pounds to the sick and wounded on the Continent, and to the sufferers at Chicago, whilst many of our hospitals are almost stopped in their noble work for want of funds, and many of our poor have died from the evils of their poverty. After this, we must not neglect our own poor countrymen and countrywomen during the coming winter months.

Nature is mourning for two of her noblest sons that have lived this century—the man who invented the Calculating Machine, and the man who wrote "Siluria," and practically discovered the gold mines of the Southern Continent, and who anticipated the discoveries of **Franklin** and **Livingstone** and **Speke** and **Baker**. Both have been earnest workers, both have lived to a ripe old age, and both will shine in our English history, to be linked with the names of **Newton**, **Herschel**, **Franklin**, **Speke**, **Grant**, **Baker**, **Burton**, and all the noble readers of Nature and the seekers after truth. Our loss is greater than we at present seem to realise. **Babbage** and **Murchison** have fallen with the autumn leaves, to be laid in the earth. The minds that for more than threescore years stored golden wisdom to benefit the whole race of man and the ages to come have gone away to new fields, but they have left their wisdom behind them for the benefit of mankind, and all their labours under the sun have not been in vain.

When the news came of the loss of the *Megæra* the censures directed by the press against the Admiralty were certainly strong and unmerciful, but the revelations of Captain **Thrupp** have proved that the thrusts were not too severe. The nation cannot but read Captain **Thrupp's** letter with the deepest indignation. But for the brave men on board and the proximity to the island of refuge the whole crew must have perished. The ship was but a dilapidated tub, with thin, worn-out plates and sails that were rotten and in no way fit for use even for tenting. The *Megæra* was but a floating coffin sent on the waters by our Admiralty with a freight of living Englishmen.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

The *Times* has received from a trustworthy source the following account of a conversation which was held on Sunday at Chiselhurst between the Emperor Napoleon and its informant, who is authorised to publish the statement. In order to lend additional weight to his report of the interview, the correspondent gives the exact words employed by the Emperor, accompanied by an English translation. The latter is as follows:—"It is pretended that the Bonapartists are conspiring. I do not believe it. It is only parties who feel themselves in a minority in the country who have recourse to occult practices. It is only those who wish to impose their views upon the larger number who conspire. When a man has been, as I have been, during twenty-three years at the head of a great nation, and when he has been animated by a single thought—the welfare of his country—he preserves the sentiment of his dignity, the conviction of his rights, and casts away from him the low intrigues which degrade those who have recourse to them. Without illusions and without discouragement, I rely upon the justice of the French people, and I am resigned to my fate, whatever may be the decrees of Providence. Moreover, when one has fallen from such a height, the first sentiment one experiences is not the desire to again mount upon the pinnacle, but to seek the causes of the fall in order to explain one's conduct and combat calumny, while still recognising one's faults. In doing this one reviews the past, rather than seeks to read the future, and strives much more to justify one's self than to accomplish a restoration. Hence the legitimate desire to employ public means of refuting unjust attacks and of rectifying erroneous appreciations. To enlighten public opinion by truthful statements is a duty to those whom fortune has struck down; while all agitation to attempt the re-establishment of the Imperial *régime* would only retard the moral reaction which has already commenced. To all those who have come from France to visit me I have held the same language:—'I am opposed,' I have said to them, 'to either intrigues or plots. France needs repose to enable her to recover from her disasters.' He would be most culpable who should seek to foment trouble for the advancement of his personal interests. The present Government is merely provisional, and does not in the future exclude any form of Government. To attempt to overthrow it would be a bad action; though my rights remain still intact, and so long as the people shall not have been regularly consulted, no decision of the Chamber can prevent me from being the legitimate Sovereign of France. Many officers have written me to ask if they should place themselves at the disposition of the present Government, and if I consented to release them from their oath. I have answered that the question being plainly stated between order on the one hand, and the most frightful anarchy on the other, they should not hesitate to serve their country; but that I could not release them from their oath until, by a direct vote, the entire nation shall have chosen a definitive government. Thus you see, like the man in Horace, I wrap myself in my right and my resignation. Strong in my own conscience, I restrain the impatience of some and despise the treachery and the insult of others. I observe, with a certain degree of satisfaction, that the Republic is forced to act with severity against the very men who, during twenty-three years, attacked my Government, and to adopt many of the measures which I regarded as indispensable to the maintenance of order; but, as I am not a man of party, this feeling gives place in my heart to another and a stronger—the pain with which I see the destinies of France delivered over to the hazard of events, the fury of factions, the weakness of the men in power, and the exactions of the foreigner." In reference to the recent publication of the letters addressed to him by one M. Lessines, the Emperor, in reply to a question of the correspondent, said:—"These letters, as far as I can remember, are authentic, but surely I cannot be held responsible for the absurdities which people chose to address to me, and the communication of M. Lessines never received from me any serious notice. I believed the man himself to be a sort of harmless lunatic, as you shall judge. The first time I saw him, three or four years ago, he was walking hurriedly up and down the interior courtyard of the Tuileries. Upon sending to learn what he wanted he excitedly answered, 'My fate is in the Emperor's hands.' 'How so ?' Because he is the only man who can confer upon me the boon I desire.' 'Name your request.' 'A stall at the opera this evening.' 'Why do you not go and buy one ?' 'Impossible ! Every seat is taken. The lady I wish to marry will be there ; and I must see her.' To humour what I supposed to be a sort of harmless idiosyncrasy, continued the Emperor, laughing heartily at the remembrance, I gave orders to place in my strange visitor's possession the coveted admission to the opera, and he went his way rejoicing. The next I heard of him was in the shape of a proposition to annex Belgium to France—a project to which I certainly did not give the consideration my detractors pretend to believe."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER NATURE.

Our artist is sketching from nature. He has taken off his coat and his hat and gone to work earnestly, for it is not often he can secure such a model. The children around appear to take the deepest interest in the painter's handiwork, and regard with wonder the beautiful picture that grows on the canvas. Even the cow seems conscious that something unusual is taking place, and munches the grass without moving.

BEFORE THE STORM.

The thunderstorm is coming on, and men and beasts are struck with fear. The clouds are dark, and there is no comfort in the wind that goes about with a threatening noise, snatching up the leaves from the ground, and bending the trees to the hedge-tops. Sheep huddle together in a storm, and all beasts are more at ease when they have others of their kind near them. The village folk are hastening from the mountains to reach home with their herds before the tempest breaks upon them.

THE GREAT OAK OF LEIPZIG.

England is the land for grand old oaks, but there are oaks also in Germany. The largest is in the park of Leipzig, and forms the subject of our illustration. It is a fine tree, and the Germans have not many of its like. It is a great favourite with the schoolboys, who are continually measuring it and wondering at its hugeness. When the boys have a holiday they go and measure the big oak, and lovers walk to it in the evening. It is a lion of the district, and the inhabitants of Leipzig are proud of it. The world has not so many oaks as it had. Many have rotted on the seas, and fallen to pieces beneath dockyard strokes. England is as rich in them as any country. We have them to our right and to our left all through the midlands. There are hundreds at Sherwood, and hundreds at Epping, and they are still to be found in the old parks of the country.

MISS NEILSON.

Swift and remarkable has been the success of Miss Neilson on the London stage. It seems but yesterday that she made her *debût*, and to-day she is "leading lady" at the first theatre in England, and her *Rebecca* is the one personation which every visitor to the metropolis is bound to see, whatever else he misses.

If we were asked to point out the chief secrets of Miss Neilson's conspicuous position in her profession, we should say they are three. She owes her fortune to her versatility, her personal attractiveness, and her natural amiability. Her range of talent is such that she can accept almost any *rôle* and be sure at least to please—perhaps to distinguish herself. Her personal advantages would render her popular were her mimetic gifts much inferior to what they are. And she is free from those crotchets and awkward traits of fancy and temper which sometimes render very clever *artistes* more or less impracticable in the hands of managers or authors. These qualities will hardly fail to ensure her a brilliant career.

The picture on our front page represents Miss Neilson in the character of *Rebecca*, in the brilliant spectacular drama which is filling Drury Lane to the roof every night, and which will no doubt "run" till it becomes necessary to displace it for the pantomime.

THE MURDER OF ACTING CHIEF JUSTICE NORMAN.

THE Calcutta correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 27th of September, gives the following account of this assassination :—On Wednesday morning (this day week) Mr. Norman drove up to the Town Hall, and, leaving his carriage under the portico, went on in his usual way towards the entry to the High Court, where he was to sit to hear appeals. At the top of a flight of eight stone steps he turned, and was giving some ordinary direction to his servant, when a man, who had been concealed behind the doorway, rushed out with a spring, and stabbed him on the left shoulder, dividing the eighth rib, and passing through the diaphragm. The Chief Justice gave a faint cry and turned round, and immediately was stabbed again in the abdomen, the knife severing the intestines and penetrating to the spine. Either blow would have caused death ; both were aimed with the deadly skill of a man who had studied murder. On being struck a second time, Mr. Norman ran down the steps, closely pursued by the murderer, who brandished his knife so fiercely that among all the crowd of natives on the road not one had courage to rush on him or approach him. From the bottom of the steps Mr. Norman ran about ten yards (slightly more or less ; the accounts differ), and then he stooped and flung a brick in his pursuer's face, staggering him a little, it is supposed (though even this is uncertain). Luckily, a native workman, of rather more courage than his class, came up, and struck the murderer with a bamboo, and then a chowkeydar closed with him, and wrested the knife from him, and in the struggle that followed he was thrown down on the ground, and a European officer who came up fastened him with a rope. He was almost immediately afterwards taken before a magistrate, and eventually was committed to take his trial at the Criminal Sessions of the High Court to-morrow. The Chief Justice, meanwhile, had staggered against a stone pillar, in much suffering, and holding his hand to his side. Some one offered to assist him to his carriage, but he felt himself incapable of the exertion, and at his request he was placed in a palki, and taken to a neighbouring shop, where he was very soon surrounded by his friends, and attended by several eminent medical men. He suffered much for some hours, but at last he fell into a merciful unconsciousness, and died at one o'clock in the morning. The house was crowded from the time he entered it till his death with his old colleagues and friends ; and he had the consolation of his wife's presence from first to last. The beautiful little incident in connection with the Lord's Prayer, the bare fact of which I telegraphed you, occurred in the afternoon. He had requested some one to say that prayer with him, and he repeated the responses fervently, but at "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us" he paused and repeated it, perceiving that his hardest and therefore first duty at that moment was to forgive ; and though the Government and society here have a very different duty to perform, not, perhaps, connected merely with one assassin, the effect of this incident in the room of death will not be without its effect in India. It seems as if the Lord's Prayer is the one form most natural to an Englishman in the hour of the supreme trial. Not very long ago, on the occasion of a voyage home, a hero of India, who had struck wise and hard blows at the mutineers of 1857, and who has since been highly distinguished by his Sovereign, was asked to pray at the bedside of a dying comrade, and he, too, could think of nothing but the Lord's Prayer, which he repeated with the earnest simplicity of a child. The funeral was on Thursday evening, at the Circular Road Cemetery, and was most impressive, although very badly organised, all persons of all kinds having free access to the Cemetery. The coffin was lowered by eight English sailors. The solemn service was read by Archdeacon Pratt, in the presence of a vast assemblage of Jews, Greeks, Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Parsees, as well as Christians ; and in many more cases than could possibly be distinguished even in mass, the people were gathered together from a feeling of respect for the dead Judge, whom the natives, as a rule, believed to be their friend, and who certainly had often dealt very kindly with them in their need and in the ordinary affairs of life, supporting their charities, and assisting their schemes for mental and other improvement. The Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal issued notifications as to the funeral, and, with expressions of sorrow and sympathy, public bodies also voted addresses conceived in like spirit. All business was suspended. The city was in mourning, and while the body was being taken to the cemetery minute guns were fired from Fort William. During the first day, when I telegraphed to you, there was nothing to connect the prisoner with any political, or rather murderous, society. It was told widely, and believed, that he was a litigant whose suit had been decided against him by the Chief Justice. The prisoner himself was pretty nearly silent. When he did speak it was either in jargon—a specimen of which I telegraphed to you ("The earth is sunk below the water, and the men have gone up to the skies ; the dog is eating the wall")—or in something expressive of fatalism. The general impression was that he was feigning madness, but I think the far more natural explanation is that he really was, as has been suggested, under the influence of bhang, which nerves and maddens a man for a time, and is succeeded by a dreadful depression. This would account both for the fierceness of the onslaught with the brandishing of the knife and the comparatively easy capture. After a certain point the murderer made no resistance, and seems never to have thought seriously of escape. I have no doubt whatever that he is one of a band of murderers, and that, having been chosen by lot to kill the Chief Justice, everything was made to tend to striking "deep and sure." The murderer had been living for about two years (with intervals of about ten days now and then, when he disappeared) in a mosque in Chitpore-road, Calcutta, and had been known as "Maulvie Sahil." The mosque is the resort of the Mahomedan population, and there it is most likely the murderer taught and was taught, though one of the witnesses from the mosque speaks of him as an ill-grained, solitary man. A number of papers have been seized at this place, but whether they bear on the facts either of the murder or of Wahabeeism in general has not yet transpired, The murderer was at first deemed an ignorant fanatic, but that opinion is becoming modified. At the inquest I was struck with his appearance, and never again should deem him a wild, ignorant man, as I telegraphed to you he was. The public made a great error there. He is short and strongly built, with a Jewish nose, which gives an appearance of firmness to his features. The murderer of Mr. Norman is believed by some persons, and on evidence of which I know nothing, to have been educated at the Government Mahomedan College in Calcutta, a belief which, whether right or wrong, shows how the public mind has turned as to the murderer being wild and ignorant. I have omitted to say that when the murderer was captured a petition was found on him for presentation to Mr. Norman—a mere blind, evidently intended to be used in case a stealthy approach proved impracticable. The prisoner has been deemed a Punjabee. He calls himself a native of Cabul, and of somewhere near to the chief city. No reliance, however, can be placed on his word, for he at first stated that he was from Constantinople.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S DOWNFALL.

BRIGHAM YOUNG is experiencing the truth of the proverb that troubles never come singly. Prosecuted by the Federal authorities, he is loudly accused by his unofficial opponents of peculation and embezzlement on the grandest scale. The *Review*, a paper started lately in Salt Lake City, following the example set by the *New York Times*, is firmly demanding from the municipal council an account of the city finances. With the Tammany frauds before its eyes, the *Review* makes the startlingly bold statement that the Salt Lake City Council has, in proportion to the wealth at its disposal, received more money and done less with it than any corporation in Christendom. As the municipal council is composed of nominees of Brigham Young, a charge against them is, in truth, a charge against him, and is so intended. This accusation, however, he might be able to parry, but another, and one much more dangerous, is being urged against him directly, and by his own followers, too. When he found that he could not prevent the construction of the Pacific railroad, like a prudent man, he determined to make a profit out of it. Accordingly he contracted for and built the portion of it which passed through his territory. When it was built, however, he found a difficulty in getting his money, and consequently was unable to pay the poor Mormons who had left their farms and workshops and turned navvies at his bidding. Instead of money he gave them railway bonds, which at the time had fallen to about thirty-five. Then, as trustee of the Church, he accepted those bonds in the payment of tithes and the like. The bonds have steadily risen, and he is now accused of having converted them to his own private use. There is a rumour that it is intended to try by legal process to make him disgorge some of his ill-gotten wealth. But even at this point the Mormon prophet's troubles do not end. Chief Justice McKean having refused to allow polygamists to be empannelled as jurymen, Brigham's followers are beginning to waver in their allegiance to him. Some of them have already come into court and made declaration that they had renounced polygamy, had separated themselves from their wives after making each of them a sufficient allowance, and now, therefore, claim the full rights of citizenship.

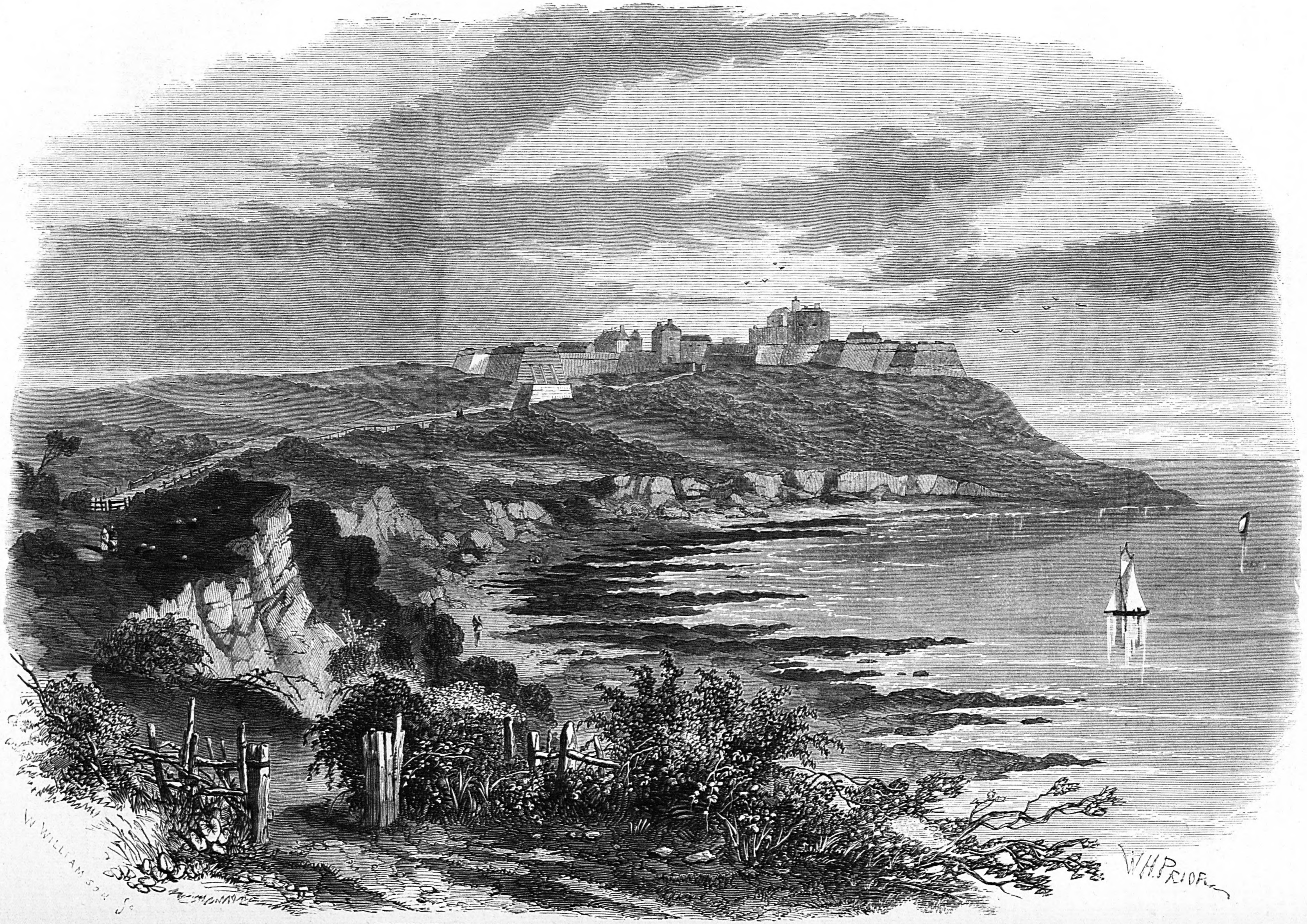
THE WISHING GATE.

HIGH soars the lark to greet the morn;
The woodruff softly calls his mate ;
A maiden, 'mid the ripening corn,
Stands musing at the wishing gate.
Ah, welladay !
Fair maiden, may
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait !
Wish not for riches—they secure
Blisses that lose too soon their zest ;
But wish thy heart may e'er be pure,
As now it beats in thy young breast ;
Wish that thy love be blessed with love
No turn of fortune may abate ;
Serene as now the skies above
Shine on thee at the wishing gate.
Then welladay !
Fair maiden, may
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait !

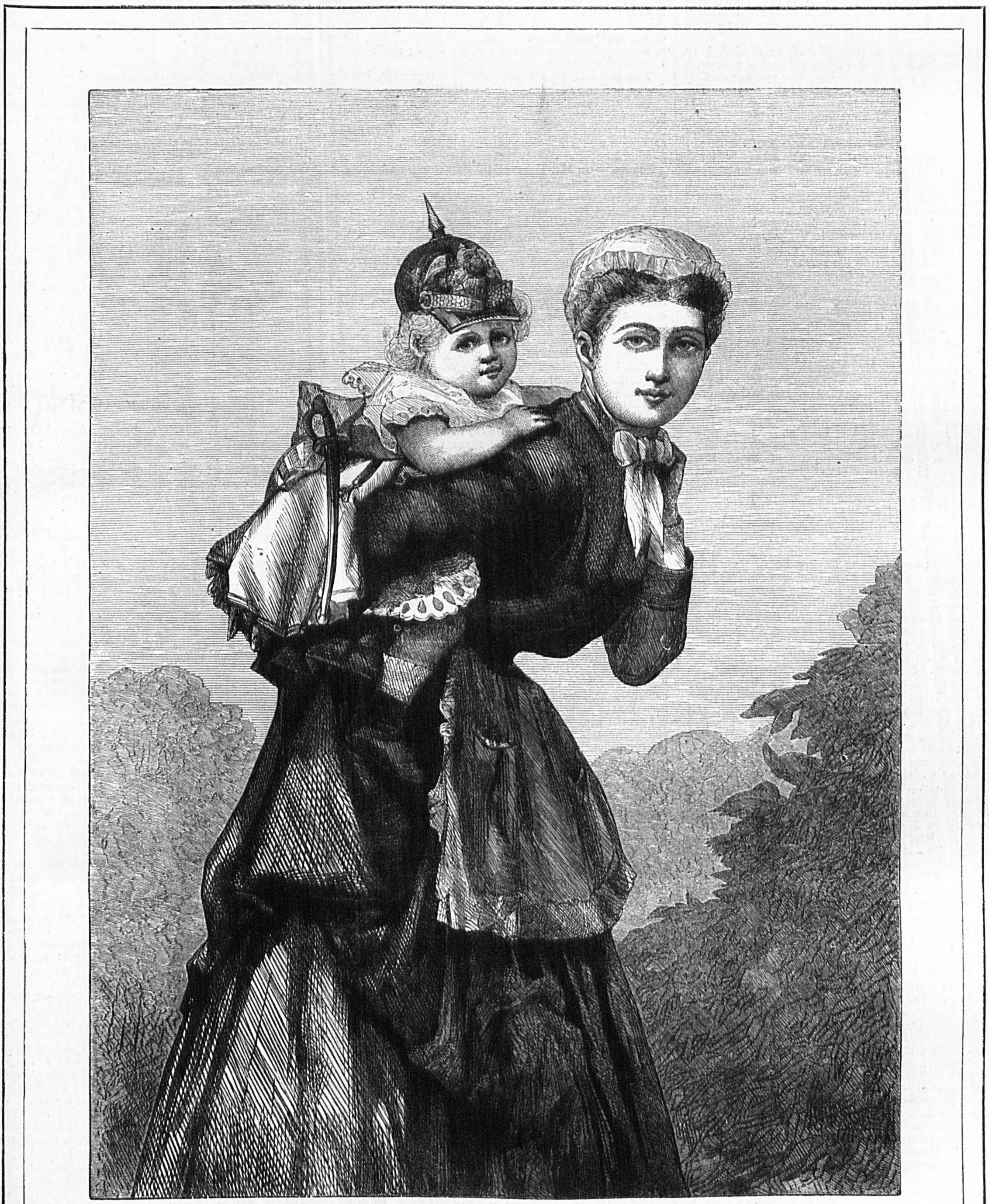
Wish that the heart thou fain wouldst win,
With thine to mate through woe or weal,
Ne'er make thee deem perhaps 'twas sin
Thus to the wishing gate to steal.
Wish those that to thy love are born
May tread along a path as straight
And pied with flow'rs as that this morn
Thou cam'st by to the wishing gate.
Then welladay !
Fair maiden, may
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait !

Wish that though time thy charms may fade,
Affection still shall deck thy life ;
And e'en above the blooming maid
Shall be beloved the faithful wife.
But what lithe form is that I see
Spring to thy side with joy elate ?
What bode those looks, so proud and free,
Bent on thee at the wishing gate ?
Ah, welladay !
Methinks they say—
Kind fairies on thy wishes wait.

SHORT ROUTE TO AMERICA.—An American paper says :—" The island of Newfoundland has caught the railroad fever, and has advanced an idea which, if carried out, will shorten still more the voyage between the continents. It is proposed to construct a line of railway from St. John's across the island to St. George's Bay, a distance of 158 miles. Passengers from Europe, instead of landing at Halifax, would leave at St. John's, cross the island by rail, and take a steam ferry for the western port of Shippegan Harbour, Bay of Chaleur, where they would join the Intercolonial Railway, which, when completed, will connect the great network of railroads throughout the United States and the Dominion. This would constitute the shortest and safest route for passengers and mails between Europe and America. The dangers arising from fogs, currents, and reefs along the thousand miles of American coast, on which so many vessels meet their doom, would be avoided. After a run of four or five days passengers would land at St. John's, step into a railway carriage, and enjoy the pleasure of being whisked across Newfoundland in eight hours ; and in twenty-four hours would find themselves at Shippegan, whence a branch of the Intercolonial Railway would forward them to any part of the States of Canada in a few hours. The distinguished engineer, Mr. Sandford Fleming, has been the first to suggest this route and to stamp it with his high approval. He is of opinion that it would prove a remunerative undertaking, and would attract a large portion of the passenger traffic and mail matter now passing between the two continents. The near future, he considers, will see it carried out ; and he believes that a daily line of steamers across the ocean would find ample employment."



PICTURES ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. XIV.—PENDENNIS CASTLE, FALMOUTH.



THE UHLAN OF THE FUTURE.

THE LOST COLOUR.

THE Banefield estate lies to the left of the old London coach road, a mile and a half out of Shirlington. Some few years ago, public attention was directed to this property as being the subject of an interminable lawsuit between the mortgagees, the creditors of the bankrupt proprietor, and certain next of kin who disputed the validity of an old deed cutting off the entail. Day by day the papers contained some desultory paragraph headed "Mesturn and Others *v.* Deverill, *ex parte* Matcham and Toller," when all at once the Banefield estate started into fresh notoriety as the scene of a terrible tragedy.

The facts, it may be remembered, as disclosed at the trial, were briefly these:—William Pross (I purposely alter the names) was charged with the murder of Guy Mesturn, the principal mortgagee of the estate. The body had been found stricken down among the reeds and grasses of the great Banefield lake; by its side a knife, identified as belonging to Pross, who was himself taken red-handed, fleeing from the scene of the crime. The principal witness against Pross was a hard-featured girl named Anne Preston, with whom it was understood the prisoner had formerly maintained relations, and who gave her evidence with some bitterness. She stated Pross to be of an ungovernably jealous disposition, that he had repeatedly accused her of meeting Mesturn, and he had threatened Mesturn's life in her presence, and in the presence of other persons; that, going home on the evening in question, she took her way across the Banefield estate, as her custom was, it being the nearest way. She had no intention of meeting Mesturn; had never met him; nor, indeed, had there ever been anything between them except the relation of master and servant. She knew that during the lawsuit Mr. Mesturn was in the habit of walking over from his farm to inspect the property. Would swear she had made no appointment to meet him on that evening. Mr. Mesturn was a hard man and a bad master. He was not liked by his servants, and she shared in the general dislike. On that evening, the 25th of March, she had passed along the path by the lake. It was a lonely path, sheltered by dense trees and woven brushwood, and it bent about in so many turnings that it was impossible to see people at a small distance before or behind—they would be obscured by the trees. She heard a cry of "Murder!" and a breaking among the brushwood, apparently some distance behind her. This was at seven o'clock. She knew that, by hearing the bell of St. John's Church strike seven within a minute before. She immediately ran in the direction of the voice. It was some time before she could ascertain the precise spot—sound being deceptive amongst close trees, and she having heard the cry repeated but once. It might have been ten minutes from first hearing the cry to the time she came upon Mr. Mesturn's dead body. William Pross was fallen down beside it, apparently fainting. When he saw her, he said, "Anne Preston, this is your work." She felt frightened for the minute, thinking that if he chose to swear away her life it might be difficult to prove her own innocence. She said, "William Pross, you are a coward as well as a murderer to want to charge your crime on me." Being terrified for her own safety, she then ran along the path, out into the open park and through the estate, and hastened into Shirlington, where she gave information to the police. William Pross was apprehended the same evening. He denied the crime, but did not attempt to inculpate any one else.

He was remarkably self-possessed during the trial. The defence set up by his counsel was, first, an *alibi*. It was proved by several witnesses that Pross had left the Maybush Inn at ten minutes to seven, and that it was more than the distance a man could run in a quarter of an hour to the place where the crime was committed. The clock at the Maybush Inn was not, however, proved reliable. Secondly, it was urged that the crime had been committed by the witness Anne Preston, who, it was admitted, disliked Mr. Mesturn, and might not unreasonably be supposed to have had certain good reasons for the deed which the counsel for the defence fully hypothecated, and he suggested how readily she might have used Pross's knife for her purpose. Hubert Deverill, artist, son of the late owner of Banefield, gave the prisoner a good character, and testified, with some emotion, to his having formerly been in the service of his family. Mr. Edgar Deverill, the late owner of Banefield, gave similar testimony.

The judge summed up against the prisoner, recapitulating the threats that many witnesses had testified to have heard him utter against the deceased; his obvious motive—jealousy, with or without just reason; and the insufficiency of his defence. The verdict, "Guilty," was returned with scarcely any hesitation. Before the sentence was pronounced, the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say.

"I have this to say, my lord," said William Pross. "The defence set up by my counsel was contrary to my request, and untrue. My counsel told me the truth would hang me, but I wish it stated. All the witness Anne Preston has stated is strictly true; but I did not reach the lake until a quarter after seven, by the chimes. She found me by the body. I went there, I admit, to murder Mr. Mesturn; but I found it done. The murdered man was crouched under a tree by the water. I thought him hiding away to meet Anne, but when I came up to him, he did not stir. He had known as well as I what cause I had against him, and I did not mean to strike him down asleep. I pushed him to wake him, that I might charge him with it; but as I did so, the body slid down from where it was, to my horror, and lay with its head in the water; and I saw the blood, and knew what had been done. I was stunned at the discovery, and dropped the knife I held in my hand. Anne Preston found me by the body. I swear this is the truth. My lord, I have no more to say."

The judge enlarged on the enormity of the offence, and, in the course of his address, made this remark:—

"It has been my lot, prisoner at the bar, amid continual opportunities for the study of criminal cases, to notice that justice would rarely be asserted but for some providential blunder on the criminal's own part, which, it seems, he is invariably bound to make. Now, had you previously made Anne Preston your wife, as it was your duty to have done, you would have shut the mouth of the only important witness against you, and justice would have been thus defeated."

"My lord," said the prisoner, collectedly, "I submit you are travelling out of the record."

"I sit corrected," returned the Judge, with bitter irony, having assumed the black cap; "and therefore, it only remains for me to pass on you the customary sentence—that you be removed to the place whence you came, and taken thence to the place of execution, there to be hung by the neck till you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The prisoner had the best of the argument, but the Judge had the advantage of the situation.

William Pross was executed three weeks afterwards, protesting his innocence. Probably, with the exception of one person, no one in the country believed him. The exception alluded to does not refer to myself. Like other people, I became wise long after the event.

I had known Mr. Deverill, of Banefield, and his son Hubert, for some years before the above occurrence, epitomised from the newspapers, took place. He was one of my earliest patrons, and, an artist myself, I had studied with, and to some extent instructed, Hubert Deverill in early days, until he far outreached my powers of further teaching. His works became noted, and it was the general opinion that he was a painter of great promise. He had a singular mannerism, but his colouring was remarkable for peculiarly rigid truthfulness. He never exaggerated or lowered a tone to get an effect. He would paint what he saw in a sunset, if it were vermilion.

Excuse my dwelling on Hubert Deverill's faithfulness to colour for an instant—it is a very important element in this brief history. The south of Hampshire is remarkable for brilliant sunsets at the two Equinoxes. Hubert was fond of painting these. I do not mean to imply he preferred extravagant effects; but it is desirable to bear in mind that if he saw crimson and purple and gold, as it were in a blaze of fire, he would paint them so literally that you would think these pictures all wrong, until you had let them dazzle you at last into the coniction how right they were.

His father, Mr. Edgar Deverill, in the days of his prosperity, had been a generous, open-hearted man, always ready to assist those in difficulty or distress, even to a lavishness that was stigmatised by his neighbours as uncalled-for and indiscriminate. He dated his ruin to supporting certain promising schemes which all the world called first-rate investments, until their crushing failure made folks immediately condemn them as the rashest of speculations. His tenant, Mr. Mesturn (whose visible means of support was the farm he rented from Mr. Deverill, but who was actually an amateur money-jobber and bill-discounter of no mean proficiency) had, strangely enough, amassed wealth from these very same rash speculations. It was almost entirely by his advice that Mr. Deverill had made his investments; but whether he sold out too soon or held on too long, he contrived to lose ruinously, whilst his tenant turned money at a tremendous rate of profit.

I do not say, for I do not know, and the inquiry is not worth the making (strict rectitude, in the eyes of the blind goddess of the scales, is so different to what seems such to people with open eyes)—I do not say that Mr. Mesturn took any illegal advantage of Mr. Deverill. But it is a fact that nearly all Mr. Deverill lost found its way into Mr. Mesturn's pocket. Bit by bit Mr. Deverill mortgaged the farm to his tenant, then sold the right of redemption, then mortgaged the estate to pay fresh losses, became a defaulter, the mortgagee foreclosed, and, but for difficulties arising from other sources, would have taken immediate possession. The late owner of Banefield estate, formerly open and generous-minded, became soured and distrustful of every one, scorning to seek assistance from those to whom he had afforded it unsought, who yet passed him by on the other side, or, worse, rewarded his former warm-heartedness with chilling politeness and affected courtesy.

With Hubert Deverill it was different. He openly resented covert affronts offered to his father, and boldly snubbed those who would have been willing enough to receive the young artist, almost sure of fame, while their best suit of ice was reserved for his father. Hubert grew in pride as he decreased in fortune, and people he would readily enough have met when heir to the Banefield estate, he now made no scruple of turning up his nose at—as the vernacular has it.

Folks said this was a bad sign in a young man who had still his fortune to carve and his way to make. It was. But Hubert had nearly made his way. He saw to the end of it; and, meantime, he could not endure the artificial money value with which society must be pleased to stamp a man before he can pass current. But he kicked against a wall of flint, against which thousands have bruised and broken themselves beforetime—a wall which may be surmounted with a ladder of gold, but not beaten down.

Up to the time of the murder, Hubert Deverill's demeanour to the Shirlington folks generally, and to Mr. Mesturn in particular, had been offensively overbearing. Conscious of his own power as an artist, it may be he thought to discount part of the success that surely awaited him, and assert it beforehand. I am not aware that he ever spoke to Mr. Mesturn after his father was turned out of Banefield, but I recollect walking down the street with Hubert on one occasion at Shirlington, when we met Mr. Mesturn. The young man drew a long breath, and set his teeth very close, when the farmer passed; then turned round and took a long look after the man to whom he attributed, rightly or wrongly, his father's ruin; nothing more. That he disliked Mr. Mesturn I had no doubt, but that he should take a public opportunity of exhibiting uselessly his dislike was, as I told him, extremely foolish.

I was not in Shirlington at the time of the murder, nor did I return thither until a month after the trial. I heard from friends that Hubert was much altered; that his overbearing humour had altogether left him; that he had become quiet and retiring, and, when brought into contact with some of those persons he had previously made no secret of despising, his bearing was respectful even to obsequiousness. He had felt very severely, they said, the working-out of his own ill-will on Mr. Mesturn by another person, and it had made him gentle.

Banefield Park had for some time past degenerated into a copse-like wilderness of matted underwood and tall grass, and nettles and wild flowers—more picturesque to an artist than the most neatly-clipped shrubs and shorn hedges could be. For habitable purposes, however, the house had dilapidated into a ruin, and the estate into a tangle nearly as involved as the Chancery case representing it. The public used the park as a thoroughfare, and anticipated that their descendants might turn it into villas in some future generation, when the lawyers had done with it.

One still evening in early summer, I took a quiet stroll through that part of the park formerly known as "The Wilderness"—a title now quite applicable to the whole—a scene of strange beauty, in which cultivation mingled with wildness and rank growth in rich disorder. Here, a great heavy chestnut tree, overspreading sombre shade; Briareus-like, its hundred hands poising each in its flat, leafy, five-fingered palm a cone of mealy bloom, balancing it truly in the soft, swaying evening breeze. There, lithe silver willows, sweeping the glistening, oily lake; and laburnums, Danäe-like, arrayed in showers of gold, beneath which the buttercups looked like drops from the golden fountain.

Enjoying the beauty of the spot, I started at hearing myself called, and, looking up, saw Hubert Deverill painting in a covert. He beckoned me to come to him.

"Hubert," I said, "why do you come to this fatal place?"

"I was drawn here," he returned. "I don't know—it is my old home, . I wanted to paint it. Will that do? Look," he continued; "I think I have fixed that sun-colour on the water."

I looked at his sketch, and back again at him, to see if he were serious, He appeared to be so. I could not understand him.

"Why, Hubert!" I said; "it is flaming red!"

"Yes," he returned, shortly—"burning red."

"But, my good fellow, you have not painted it so. Your painting is as cold and as grey as an iceberg. You are having a joke at my expense. The drawing is right enough, but it is all cold greys and green and purple. Where is your red?"

"Great heavens!" he cried; "don't you see it is *blood*-red?" And he threw the picture into the lake, gathered up his painting materials, and, putting his arm through mine, walked home without saying another word. I thought Mr. Mesturn's death and the associations of the spot must have overcome him for the moment, especially remembering his illwill to the deceased, as being to his mind the wilful cause of his father's ruin.

If Hubert had previously discounted his anticipated success as a painter, the bill was dishonoured before it came to maturity. From that time no one could look without pain at the most laboured and carefully wrought efforts of his brush. They were all so cold—cold as snow, without a particle of red to warm them. Strangely enough, he never could see this. He insisted his icies pictures were glowing with warmth—nay, fiery with heat. It was vain to attempt to reason with him. He retorted bitterly that the faculty of estimating tone in colour must be gone from the world, that all persons were colour-blind save himself. Even when I have placed one of his sunsets in cold greys side by side with another picture wherein the reds were faithfully given, he has been unable to detect his mistake. At such times he would steadily insist that his picture "killed" the other one with its brilliancy. His expectations of being able to reinstate his father in the position he had lost were doomed to bitter disappointment. At length, he almost relinquished colour, for he pleased no one; he could sell nothing he painted. He had lost the use of red. He obtained employment of a sufficiently remunerative kind in drawing wood-blocks for engraving to support his father and himself in something like comfort, but the divine gift of colour had departed from him.

One night I coaxed him to paint a crimson robe to a figure I had drawn in water-colour, thinking I might lead him to the gradual recovery of the lost colour. He set himself resolutely to the work with my colour-box; but when he had finished the drapery was of a greenish-grey. He insisted, for all that, it was a fiery red, although the tone represented nearly the complementary of crimson. When he saw I was still dissatisfied, he laid down the brush, half-angry, half-tearful. Then, with a strange, wild look, Hubert whispered in my ear:—"It is *his* doing! He comes and steals all the red out of my pictures as I paint, and pours the blood into my eyes instead!" and he left me.

Next morning something had happened so sudden and terrible that it came like a crash into my life. Hubert was dead—had died in the night by his own hand! A tiny stream of blood, that had crept a sluggish, tortuous course from his bedroom-door and collected in a tasselled blot on the stairs, had told the fate of him within. They broke open the door. The sight I cannot bring myself to describe! It is not right to describe these scenes, with which newspaper pens make us already too familiar. He was lying on the floor; beside him a picture—the hand that had painted it cold and dead!

It was but a sketch, but vivid to ghastliness—the most awful picture I had ever beheld! It was Hubert Deverill's confession of the murder of Mr. Mesturn—the murderer and his work painted by himself, and signed in large letters, "Hubert Deverill, Fecit." The colour had come back to him at the last, for this terrible sketch was *all* in red--blood-red as he had seen it. It was found with its face to the floor, dabbled with other red than his brush had laid upon it.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

WHAT a glorious thing it is to have a holiday! a little allotment of time all your own, upon which you need pay duty to no man living, and within the compass of which, if you be a scholar, no one can plague you about the date of the Hegira, or the "exact political significance" of the Licinian Rogations; nor any shock fall upon you, if you be a man of business, from alarming telegrams respecting the fall of Utopian Consols, or the "unhealthy depression" of the Cloudland-Atlantic Grand Central Railway. Surely, there is no one living who does not appreciate such a furlough, from the fourth-form boy who over-eats himself at Warwick or Kenilworth on the half-yearly holiday, damped only by the horrid recollection that work begins again next day, up to the wearied merchant-prince who follows out his doctor's prescription of "complete change of scene" by making Rome or Switzerland as like London as possible for two months every year.

Somewhat after this fashion (had I felt inclined) I might have soliloquised, as I sat looking down upon the good town of Heidelberg from the terrace of the "Molken-Kur"—a little wooden auberge perched upon a projecting bluff, in which a few *soi-disant* invalids play at curing themselves by eating the greatest possible amount of curds and whey. And, certainly, the scene before me deserved more than a passing glance. Above, rose the green, sloping crest of the Königstuhl, with all its waving woods, upon which the fading sunshine lingered lovingly; all around lay the leafy hill-sides, between which, like a thread of gold, glittered the winding stream of the Neckar; immediately below me lay the narrow streets and tall, grim houses of the quaint little town, above which the vast red towers of the castle stood out in the glow of sunset like pillars of fire; and far out in the plain beyond, breaking with its shining curves the monotony of the vast green level, I could just descry the broad, smooth flow of the parent Rhine.

But at this moment my reflections are broken in a sufficiently unromantic way by the concussion of a huge steeple-crowned hat, which, driven by the wind, ricochets off my shoulder and is just rolling over the brow of the hill when I spring forward and clutch it. Turning to look for the owner, I find myself face to face with a quiet, pleasant-looking old gentleman in frilled shirt and black silk stockings, the very image of the Glass Dwarf in Wilhelm Hauff's "Kaltes Herz;" evidently a man of some note, by the respect with which the *habitués* make way for him.

"Many thanks, mein Herr!" says the old man, as I restore his errant head-gear. "I'm not quite so supple now as I was when I took a prize at the Freyberg Volksfest, forty-three years ago, before I even thought of becoming a professor. It's only you English who can keep up your training for ever."

"How did you guess that I was an Englishman?" asked I, somewhat surprised; for, indeed, with a beard like a pasha's, and a face bronzed by the sun of Egypt and Syria, my appearance is anything but Anglo-Saxon.

"No one but an Englishman would have caught that hat as you did," answered the professor with a little chuckling laugh; "it's just in their nature to jump up and run after anything that passes. Ah! if you English would only employ your irrepressible energies in the cause of science, what might you not achieve! But, no! you do not care to learn."

"Do us the justice to believe, Herr Professor, that the nation which produced Bacon and Newton has still some reverence for science"

"They were mighty men," replied the old gentleman, with a reverential bend of his grey hair; "but I am speaking of the nation at large, not of a few exceptional celebrities. Ach Himmel! what a set they are, those English! A fine life they led me when I first began to practise medicine, down yonder in Saxony. The first thing in the morning, 'kling! kling!' at my door. 'What is it?' 'An Englishman who has broken his leg in trying to climb the Teufels-horn, which no one ever ascended yet.' I set the Herr Englander's leg, and leave him pretty comfortable. Not half an hour later 'kling! kling!' again. 'What now?' 'An Englishman, who has been half-drowned in swimming across the Elbe against the current for a wager.' I roll the Herr Englander in warm blankets and bring him round. Before I have well settled into my chair again, 'kling! kling!' once more. 'Mein Gott! what's the matter?' 'An Englishman, who has tried to run twelve miles within the hour, because some one said he couldn't, and has broken down under the strain.' Mein Herr, I am sorry to have to say it—but your countrymen are equally devoid of fear and of reason! There is but one man in England whom I can truly reverence, and his name is Herr Carlyle!"

"Mr. Carlyle! why, he's an old friend of mine! I saw him the last time I was in England, I'm glad you admire him."

"Did you, mein Herr? did you really?" says the old man, with unmistakable interest. "Tell me all about him, I beseech you; he is a great man—worthy to have been born a German!"

And for nearly twenty minutes we sit in judgment upon the biographer of Frederick the Great, till the strokes of seven, booming from the town below, warn the professor that it is time to be going home.

"You must come with me, mein Herr," says he, rising from his seat; "no excuses, I beg of you. It shall never be said that Justus Weissenbart met with a friend of the Herr Carlyle without making him welcome; and, besides, I've got something to show you which I think will interest you."

The old man's hearty manner was not to be resisted; and, a quarter of an hour later, I stood before the door of a tall, grim-looking stone house at the corner of the Markt-Platz, the curiously carved front of which showed that it had seen more than one century. But if its outside was stern and unpromising, its inside was comfortable in the highest degree; and so I thought when I found myself seated over a substantial German supper in the professor's little snuggery, and heard the old gentleman's cheery voice bidding me "fall to and spare nothing."

While eating, I found time to glance round the room, which (save for its antique furniture and heavy cross-beams of dark oak) differed but little from the countless other laboratories that I had seen in various towns of Southern Germany; but one object arrested my attention—a human skeleton planted upright in a corner, presenting a pistol menacingly with its fleshless hand. The professor noticed the direction of my eyes, and smiled significantly.

"That's the curiosity I was speaking of," said he; "it has a history of its own, which is worth hearing. When we have finished supper, I'll tell it you."

And accordingly, as soon as our meal was ended, Herr Weissenbart settled himself comfortably in his great easy-chair, lighted an enormous German pipe, which the most seasoned "fox" in the University would have found it hard to smoke out, and began as follows:

"At the time that I bought this house, mein Herr, I had just entered upon the happiest period of my whole life. I had at length attained the modest competence for which I had long laboured in vain; and could say to myself, when I sat down in my easy-chair in the evening, and lit my pipe, 'Now, Justus Weissenbart, thou hast done all that the earthly and corporeal part of thee demands for its sustenance; henceforth thou art free to serve the cause of science, and, it may be, even to add a little grain of knowledge to the sum of human learning.' I went to work with all earnestness. I filled my house with rare plants, rare fossils, rare minerals. I paid high for curiosities of every kind. Once I gave a handful of thalers for the carcase of a donkey which exhibited a singular malformation of the spinal column. Its dissection led me to one of the most interesting discoveries which I have ever made. Ah, mein Herr, you, who are a man of amusement and adventure, cannot fathom the delight I felt in cutting up that glorious donkey! But once before in my whole life did I experience the same pleasure, and that was when I was called in, a little while after I first came here, to treat a patient whose case exhibited some very unusual and perplexing symptoms. I examined him; I reflected; the truth flashed upon me. I flung my hat on the ground, and, embracing the sick man with rapture, cried out, 'I congratulate you, my friend! you have revived a disease which has been unknown for the last six centuries!'"

The idea of such consolation administered to an invalid was too much for my gravity. In spite of all my efforts to control myself, I laughed till I was fairly exhausted; and Herr Weissenbart very good-humouredly joined in the merriment, though evidently without the least suspicion of having given any cause for it.

"Well, mein lieber Herr," he continued, "you will doubtless have remarked it as a singular law of nature, that whenever a man lives all by himself, in a particularly old and shabby looking house, he invariably acquires the reputation of being immensely rich. Perhaps my paying so high for fossils and skeletons gave some colour to the myth in my case; but at any rate I was soon known in Heidelberg as 'the rich Professor Weissenbart,' and my friends began to warn me that, if I did not take care, I might some day chance to get robbed.

"Now, at that time I had but one servant, who had been with me many years, and was beginning to get old and feeble. Every one said that he was not enough to take care of the house by himself, and that I'd better have a younger man to help him; but I didn't like to vex poor old Johann by seeming to think him past work, so I just let things go on as they were. He was a capital servant, and did his work as well as man could do; but he had one failing. Every now and then, when the chance offered, he would"—a significant gesture of the professor's hand, as if lifting a glass to his lips, completed the sentence.

"H'm! rather a bad fault in a man upon whom the safety of the house depended," observed I.

"So I thought," answered the professor; "and more than once I doubted whether it might not be as well to take my friends' advice after all, and engage a second servant. But I kept putting it off and putting it off, till at last I got punished for my hesitation, as you shall hear.

"One night I had sent Johann out to do some marketing, and was expecting him back every minute. As a rule, whenever he went abroad, he took the house-key (of which I had a duplicate) along with him; so that nobody could get in till he came back, unless I chose to let them. He was very punctual on the whole; but this time, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passed, and there was no sign of him. I began to fear that he might have taken a glass too much, as he sometimes did; and was just thinking of going to look after him, when all at once I heard, far down below, a noise as if the house-door had been suddenly opened and shut again, and then a step coming up the stairs right towards my door. I have a quick ear of my own, and it struck me directly that the tread was firmer and heavier than old Johann's. I guessed at once that there had been foul play somewhere, and for a moment I thought of locking my door and calling for help through the window; but, on second thoughts, I decided that it would be better to let the intruder (whoever he might be) come right up to me, and see what he really wanted."

I looked at the professor with involuntary admiration. To hear this little, delicate, benevolent-looking old gentleman talking so coolly of deliberately allowing a robber (perhaps more than one) to march right into his room at night, whithout stirring a step to give the alarm, simply because he "thought it better to see what he wanted"—had a really heroic flavour about it; and I bent eagerly forward to hear the sequel of the adventure.

"The door opened," pursued my friend, "and in came a tall, burly fellow, with a black mask on his face and a pistol in his hand. The moment he was in, he locked the door behind him, put the key in his pocket, and came forward to the table where I was sitting.

"'Now, my old 'un,' said he with a chuckle, 'we've got the house all to ourselves. Your servant's lying fast asleep under the club-room table at the Thirsty Fox. Drugged beer's a fine thing to make a man sleep sound, and he won't wake much before to-morrow morning. In the meantime, out with your money, or you're a dead man!'

"He cocked his pistol as he spoke, and levelled it at my forehead.

"You will think, mein Herr, that I must have been frightened; but, strange as it may seem, I was not. Had I met this man in the street, or out in the open country, he would have been on his own ground; but here, within the walls of my laboratory, he was on mine! He came to me in the guise of a new experiment, and I felt him in my power. Before he had done speaking, I had tried him in my own mind, condemned him, and sentenced him to death."

Soft and pleasant as the old man's voice was, there was a hard, metallic ring in it just then, and an ominous compression of the small delicate mouth, which showed me, for the first time, what this quiet, good-humoured scholar might be capable of doing. In truth, the cruelty of passion or revenge is as nothing to that of science. Parrhasius crucifying his slave in order to gain a more vivid idea of the sufferings which he painted—Michael Angelo studying with cool analytical keenness the loathsome minutiæ of the plague-hospitals—Dr. Le Cat keeping horses and dogs alive for weeks under his scalpel, only to inflict upon them more varied and complicated tortures—such examples are terribly suggestive; and I could not help thinking that, had I been a robber, I should have been very loth to entrust myself to the tender mercies of my friend the professor, supposing his power of destruction to be commensurate with his will. After a pause, he resumed:—

"'Well, I can't resist you,' said I to the robber, assuming a look of terror such as I had not worn since I went up for my first examination as a candidate at Jena. 'I'll give you all I have, and when you have taken it, I hope you'll be satisfied and do me no further injury.'

"'Oh, I'll be satisfied when I touch the money, never fear, old boy!' answered he, with a laugh. 'Come, out with it, quick!'

"'It's in the bureau yonder!' replied I, throwing a key on the table. 'Help yourself!'

"I need not tell you, mein Herr, that in the whole bureau there was not a single *pfennig;* but he went towards it to unlock it, which was all I wanted."

"Ah! you wanted to get a chance of striking from behind, I suppose?" said I, secretly marvelling at the strategic ability of this pacific man of letters.

"Mein lieber Herr!" returned the professor, with an air of grand contempt, suggestive of Socrates "setting down" Protagoras; "science does not fight with such coarse material means as those. I have told you that I regarded this man in the light of an experiment, and I acted accordingly. If you wish to know *what* was my real object in sending him to the bureau, step forward and press your heel upon that little knob in the floor."

I obeyed, and was not a little startled when a good square yard of the flooring immediately in front of the bureau gave way with a loud, whirring noise, disclosing a black chasm of unknown depth, from which arose the hoarse gurgle of running water.

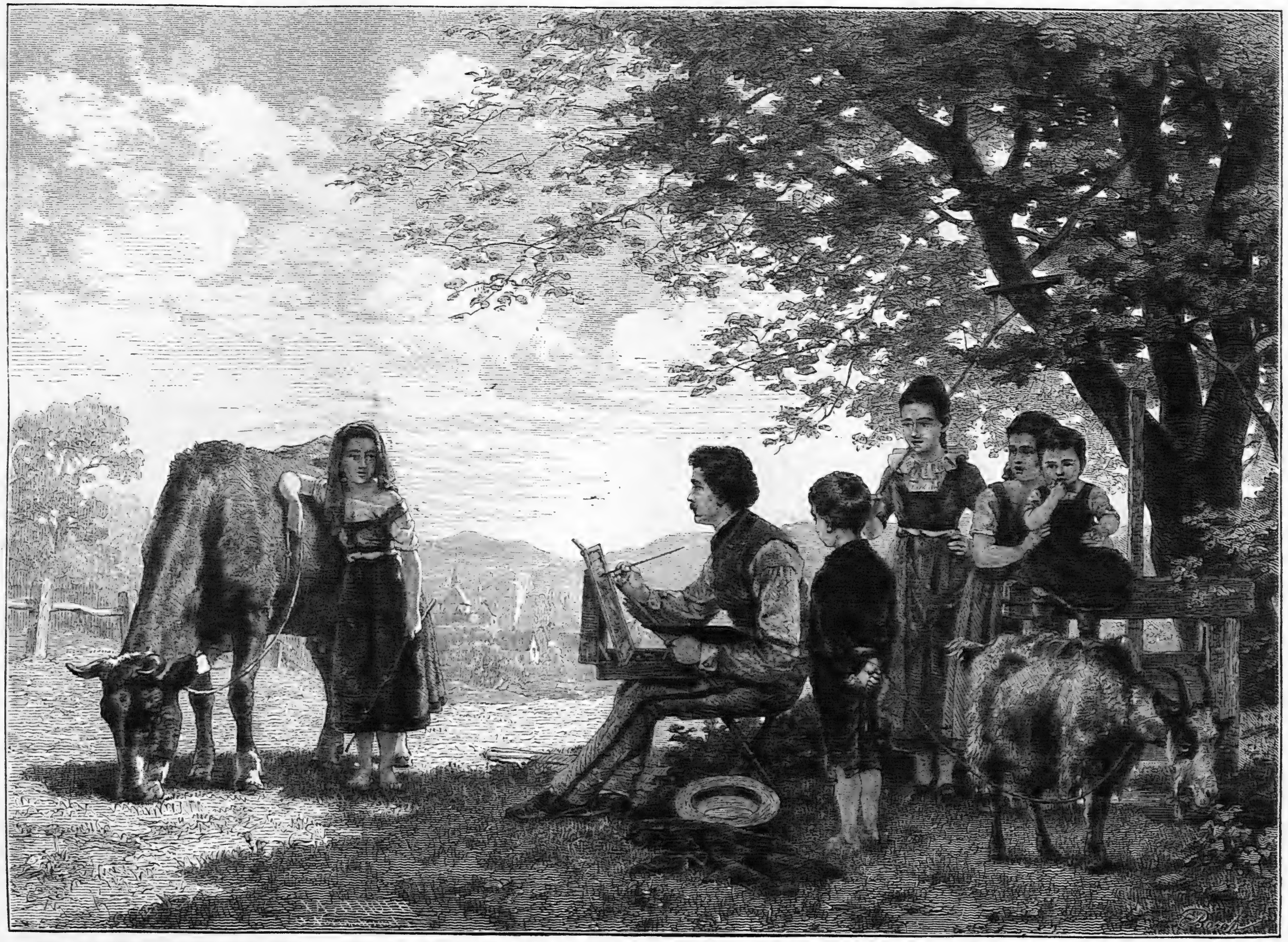
"Why, you don't mean to say——" faltered I, glancing from the ghastly abyss below to the benevolent face of the *savant*, which looked milder and more benevolent than ever.

"Precisely so," answered the professor, with a genial smile, and rubbing his little fat hands gleefully. "That's the Neckar which you hear grumbling down yonder; but there was a good yard of dry pavement beside it for him to fall upon, and it *sufficed.* Unhappily, the fall necessarily occasioned certain injuries to his anatomical structure, which, however, my humble knowledge of surgery has, as you see, enabled me to repair." (And he pointed to the pistol-bearing skeleton with a complacent air.) "Why do you look so shocked, my friend? It was a fair trial of skill against strength! He, the man of brute force, attempted to entrap me, the man of science—and he was caught in his own trap! Fill your glass, my friend!" cried the professor, enthusiastically —"fill your glass, and let us drink to the great scientific movement which has made Europe the first quarter of the world, and Germany the first country in Europe."

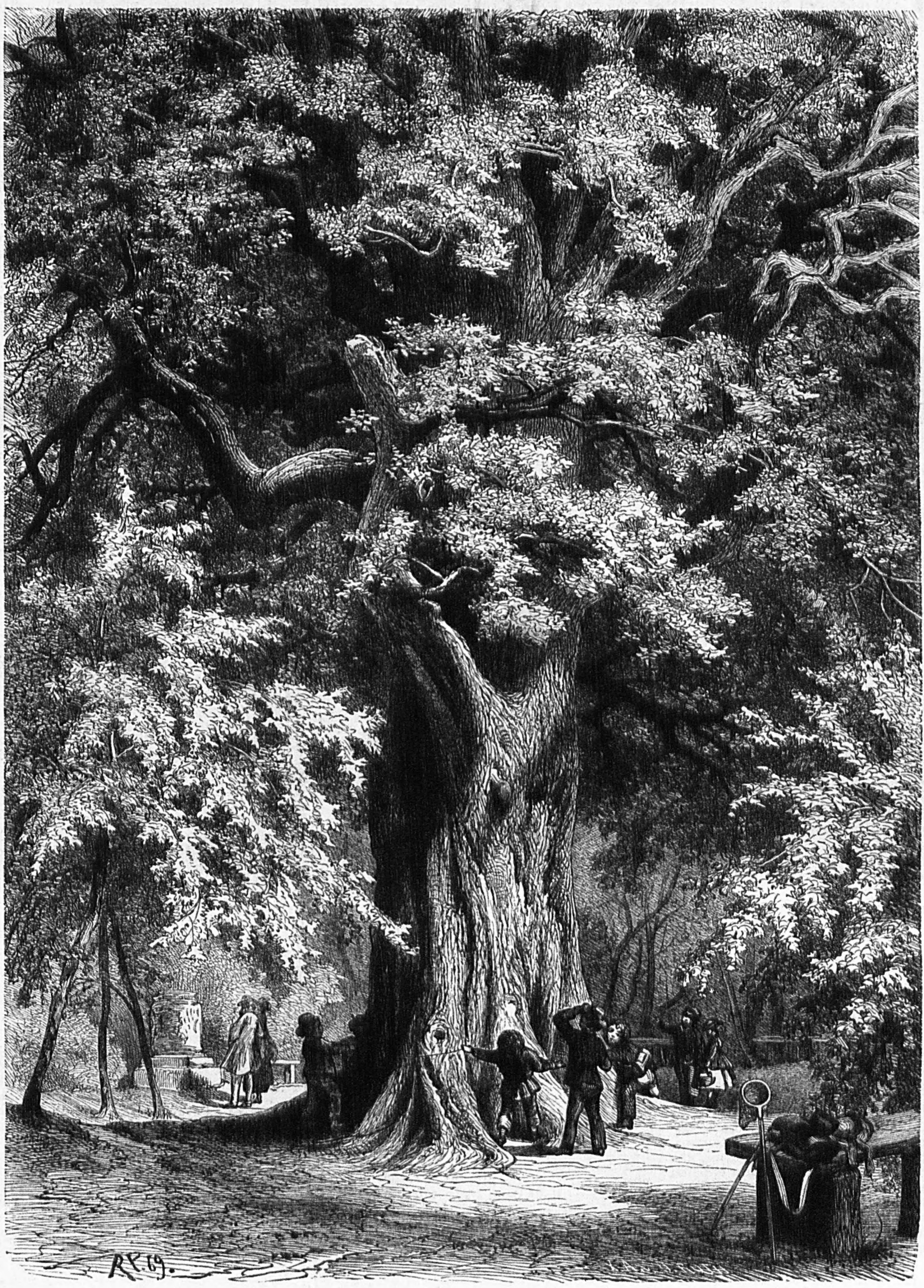
I filled my glass, though I did not drink, but made some excuse, and gladly left the house.

NEWLY-BUILT HOUSES.—The *Builder* says a vast deal of ill-health, to say nothing worse, results from the too early occupation of newly-built houses. In the suburban districts of London and of many of our large towns small houses by the thousand are planted on the ground, often on heaps of unwholesome deposits placed there to fill up hollows whence brick earth or sand may have been removed, are finished with pauseless rapidity, and, all reeking as they are, receive a family often before the workmen have left. The danger involved was recognised long ago. An ancient foreign proverb says, as to a new house, "The first year for my enemy, the second for my friend, the third for myself." The speculative builder of to-day too often cares for neither friend nor enemy. The houses, like certain historic razors, are made to sell. To turn a penny is his sole object, and the buyer must look out for himself. Alas! for such a state of feeling. It unfortunately prevails in modern society to a much greater extent than is consistent with the right condition of public health, giving that word its full meaning.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS subdue with ease and certainty every form of dyspepsia, the greatest plague of life; mankind at large have experienced the horrors of indigestion; no description of the malady is required, for all have recognised it in one or other of its many forms. Let it be known as the greatest comfort to sufferers from disordered digestion that no medicine acts so mildly and yet affords such immediate relief as Holloway's renowned Pills. Young and old, rich and poor, active and sedentary, daily bear undoubted testimony to their safe and efficient action. One trial secures their future patronage. To all travellers subjected to variable climates, differing diets, and irregular habits, these peerless Pills will prove a boon. [475



AFTER NATURE.



THE GREAT OAK AT LEIPZIG.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Mansion-house Fund for the relief of the Chicago sufferers now amounts to £36,500, of which the Lord Mayor has advised £30,000 by telegraph. Of more than £15,000 subscribed in Liverpool, £10,000 has been remitted in like manner.

MR. CHARLES BABBAGE, the well-known mathematician, has died in the 79th year of his age.

IT is stated in a Versailles telegram that the French Government is about to issue a large amount of silver money, in order to relieve the monetary crisis at present prevailing in France.

ADMIRAL SIR JAMES HOPE, naval commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, is reported to be recovering rapidly from the effects of his late accident.

LETTERS received in Birmingham from Mr. Bright give an encouraging account of the state of the right hon. gentleman's health. It is not, however, considered probable that Mr. Bright will address his constituents this winter.

LORD PORTLAND has been suffering from indisposition, but he is now said to be recovering.

THE *Bath Argus* publishes a report of an interview which one of its correspondents had with the Emperor Napoleon by appointment on Thursday. The reporter asked whether the Emperor, in the event of a new danger threatening the British Constitution from the Republican agitation going on in the country, would again be prepared to enrol himself on the side of law and order, as on the occasion of the Chartist riots. His Majesty replied with much emphasis, "I should do what I did before." In reply to questions, the Emperor said that he had no knowledge of the King of the Belgians ever having been open to treaty for the annexation of his country to France, and that the present visit of the Empress to Spain had no political significance whatever, Her Majesty having simply gone there to see her mother, and visit her estate. The Emperor declined to give an opinion as to the effect which the election of Prince Napoleon for Corsica might have upon future events in France.

THE will of John Hay, Esq., formerly of Holland Park, but late of Twickenham, a magistrate and deputy lieutenant for the county of Durham, was proved in London, on the 23rd ult, under £70,000 personalty.

A GENERAL order has been issued by the French Minister of War reminding the officers in the army that they are not allowed to publish pamphlets or to write to the newspapers, and that by doing so they render themselves liable to arrest, and even to dismissal from the service.

THE remains of Mr. Richard Young, late Sheriff of London and Middlesex, were interred on Saturday, in Wolsoken churchyard, near Wisbeach, amid many marks of respect for the memory of the deceased.

EARLY on Saturday morning there was an explosion at the Tapton Colliery, near Chesterfield, caused through the incautious use of a naked light by one of the miners. Two men were killed, and four others were more or less injured.

THE first Cabinet Council of the recess was held in Downing-street on Saturday, when the whole of the Ministers were present.

THE Strand and a portion of the thoroughfare east of Temple Bar are, it is said, to be laid with Val de Travers asphalte.

A "FREE Church of England," independent of Episcopal control, has been established at Wolverhampton.

A DENIAL is given to the statement, made by certain of the Paris papers, that the French Government intends to grant an amnesty to the Communist prisoners. Measures will, however, perhaps, be taken to hasten the trials.

PROFESSOR PHILLIPS'S work on the "Geology of the Thames Valley" is announced for publication. The Professor proposes to make it his text-book for a course of lectures on Oxford Geology, to be delivered this term at Oxford.

PRINCE NAPOLEON disembarked on Saturday night at Ajaccio, in presence of 150 or 200 persons. Scuffles appear to have occurred between the officers of the battalion of Chasseurs sent to Ajaccio and about fifty officers on leave, whose presence in Corsica seems to have coincided with the arrival of Prince Napoleon. The authorities seem determined to proceed vigorously against the officers on leave whose attitude provoked the disturbances.

ACCORDING to a letter in the *Temps*, the Bonapartists appear to be losing influence in Corsica. At the recent elections for the Council-General, the arrondissement of Bastia returned ten members opposed to the Imperial *régime*. Ajaccio returned five. M. Conti, the Emperor's private secretary, personally canvassed all the villages in the canton for which he was a candidate, but was nevertheless defeated by a young Republican. In other places even advanced republicans were returned. In Ajaccio and Basti, the principal towns, a large number of the electors abstained from voting.

IT is rumoured that, on leaving Simla, Lord Mayo will visit the Punjab, so timing his arrival as to be present at the next Palumpore fair.

THE total earnings of all the railways in India during the first half-year of 1871, amounted to £3,276,138, against £3,472,452 during the corresponding half of last year—a deficiency of nearly £200,000.

THE next number of the *Fortnightly Review* will contain an article by Mr. J. S. Mill on Professor Frazer's edition of the Works of Bishop Berkeley.

THE company which M. Raphael Félix is going to bring to London to perform French plays next season will consist of Messrs. Maurice Coste, Abel, Desmonts, Berret, Schey, Andrieu, and Bousquet; Mesdames Lawrence Gérard, Desmonts, E. Paurelle, de Géraudon, Chéry, Esther Bloch, Crosnier, and Julie Dubois. He will open in December with M. and Madame Lafontaine.

THE *Irishman* devotes its first article to the resignation of Rossa, who has retired from the council of the confederation in America. Rossa wanted to keep Irish affairs clear of American party work. He wants a place, and intends to compete for the office of Registrar of New York.

IT is said to be under contemplation to transfer Mangalor, in South Canara, to the Bombay presidency. The inhabitants of that district are exceedingly averse to the scheme.

THE *Journal Officiel* announces that the German army has received orders from Berlin to evacuate six departments.

THE four Kookas condemned at Umritsur for killing the butchers there, were hanged on the 15th at the gaol. The execution passed off quietly.

THE South German Chambers of Commerce, as well as the various South German journals, are unanimous in condemning the proposed law for a new German monetary system. They contend that the new coin (the mark) bears no relationship to any other coin of neighbouring States, since one mark would be equal to 1f. and 23·45679 centimes. The majority urge the adoption of the franc. Even in North Germany the approval of the measure is far from being complete.

THE new Gaiety Theatre at Dublin is nearly completed. The public will be invited to the first performance on the 27th of November, when Mrs. John Wood will appear with the St. James's Company.

AT Bow-street, on Saturday, a letter-carrier was committed for trial on a charge of having stolen a large number of letters and packets from the Post-office.

THE remarkable article on "Spiritualism and its Recent Converts," in the *Quarterly Review*, is from the pen of Dr. W. B. Carpenter.

UPWARDS of 100,000 hadjees, or pilgrims, have visited Mecca this year. Owing to proper sanitary precautions having been taken at the port of debarkation, there has been no epidemic outbreak amongst them.

AN explosion has occurred in a fireworks manufactory at Madras by which eight persons were killed and four injured.

THE Bohemian Diet has resolved not to hold its next sitting until the question of the compromise can be placed upon the orders of the day. The Federalist organs hint that, in case the essence of their demands is not granted, no representatives will be sent from Bohemia to the Reichsrath.

THE *Nazione* states that the secret Consistory which was to have been held on the 27th has been postponed, in consequence of fresh difficulties having arisen.

A RUMOUR is afloat in Madrid according to which a compromise for the formation of a new Cabinet is being arrived at by Senors Sagasta, Zorilla, and an influential Democrat whose name is not given taking office. Senor Rivero would take the Presidency of the Cortes, and a dissolution would not ensue until after the debate on the Budget.

IT is reported that M. Gern, the French organ-builder, is about to erect a hall at Kensington, where performances will be given on his organs as they are finished.

THE Roumanian Government has handed over to the representatives of the Financial Protection Committee a written declaration of assent for the holders of bonds in Berlin, Vienna, and Breslau.

GREAT excitement prevails at Winnepeg in consequence of a reported discovery of gold near Lake Shebandowan. A great number of people are proceeding thither.

THE Prefect of the Paris Police has proposed to the Municipal Council to increase the police force to 6,000, instead of 5,045, as under the Empire.

A NUMBER of 25-ton guns, with 11-inch bore, have been successfully proved at the proof butts in the Government marshes, adjoining the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich.

A DEMAND is put forward on the part of Hungary that, in the expected Imperial Message to the Bohemian Diet, the notion that the compromise with Hungary required subsequent approval must be firmly repudiated. The Hungarian and the joint Cabinets are said to be agreed on this point, as well as that the part of the law of the 29th of December, 1867, which dealt with the joint questions and the financial share to be borne by each State, should only be alterable in accordance with the procedure laid down by the fundamental laws of the country.

THE German Reichstag on Friday entered into the first deliberation on the report of the receipts and expenditure of the North-German Confederation for 1870, and discussed a bill on the mode of employing the surplus of that year, the amount of which has been found to be 1,092,190 thalers. The telegraph administration will receive 341,781 thalers, which it advanced for extraordinary purposes in the years 1868—1870. The remainder is to be applied to the reimbursement to the South-German States and Luxemburg of the proceeds of the common beetroot-sugar tax. The bill respecting the checking of the budget for 1871 was also considered. It is to be entrusted to the Prussian High-Chamber of Accounts, which will take the name of Court of Accounts for the German Empire. The first bill was referred to a commission, but not the second. In reply to an interpellation by Mr. Schulze-Delitzsch, Mr. Delbrück stated that the bill passedby the Reichstag in its sitting of the 25th of last April, with respect to the payment of travelling expenses and salaries to the members of the Reichstag, had been-referred to the committee for constitutional matters, and on its report the Bundesrath had unanimously refused its approbation to the measure.

A CONSTANTINOPLE telegram says that Mustapha Fazyl has been appointed Minister of Justice, and Namyk Pasha President of the Council of State. The funds rose on Saturday, on a rumour that Government intends to apply the revenues of the mosques to State purposes.

GOVERNOR HOFFMANN, of New York, has authorised the State Attorney-General and Charles O'Connor to prosecute in the case of the charges against the city officials.

AT Greenwich, on Saturday, a man was sent to prison for two months, with hard labour, for having cruelly beaten his son, seven years of age.

THE *Birmingham Post* hears upon authority which it has generally found trustworthy that the Government intends to deal with the licensing system again next session.

THE Democratic journals of Berlin, in speaking of Prince Bismarck's attitude during the late conference with M. Pouyer-Quertier, and the concessions made on several important points, assert that the great German statesman has received, in return for his moderation, certain secret promises of value from Thiers and the French Government.

THE *North German Gazette* declares in its leading article that Government will not allow itself to be misled by the numerous appeals for energetic action in Alsace-Lorraine. The Imperial Government is neither wanting in discernment nor in firmness. As the Government is, however, conscious of its strength, and does not enter upon a venture without a settled plan, but pursues a well-matured system, it is able to rule over the re-acquired territories in a beneficent spirit, more powerful than brute force, and one which will induce Alsace-Lorraine to become German once more with all its heart.

DEAN MILMAN'S fine tragedy of "Fazio; or the Italian Wife," has been revived at Dublin, with Miss Bateman in the character of the injured *Bianca*.

THE French receipts for the transmission of letters during the month of September, compared with the receipts of the month of August, show an increase of about twenty-three per cent. in favour of the month of September. The month of October exhibits a still more favourable result.

WE are glad to be able to state that Mr. N. G. Lambert, M.P. for Bucks, has so far recovered from his recent accident as to be considered out of danger.

IN addition to the eleven millions saved by not having to pay the commission to the bankers, the *Times*' Paris correspondent says the Treaty of the 13th of October concluded with Germany appears to have effected a saving in favour of France of a sum exceeding thirty millions of francs.

DR. BENCE JONES has written a history of the Royal Institution and its founders.

A LARGE meeting was held on Sunday at Breslau to express sympathy with the Germans in Austria. A resolution was passed acknowledging the manly resistance offered by the Austrian Germans to the attack made against them by the Hohenwart Ministry.

PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI is preparing a "History of British Commerce, from the Conclusion of the Seven Years' War to the Present Time."

MDLLE. SCHNEIDER has agreed to perform for fifteen nights at St. Petersburg in Offenbach's operas. She is to have £60 a night. She has stipulated that in case of cholera breaking out in that city her engagement is to be annulled.

TWO days before his death, an application was made to the late Chief Justice Norman to fix a day for hearing the appeal in the case of Ameer Khan and the other Wahabee prisoners.

A GERMAN theatre is about to be opened in Strasbourg.

THE *Civil Service Gazette* says nothing is officially known at the Council Office of the Earl of Belmore's reported resignation of the Governorship of New South Wales.

THE *Musical Standard* says that M. Gounod has written a new cantata for M. Kuhe's next Brighton Musical Concerts.

THE death is announced of M. Lanno, statuary, Grand Prix de Rome, in his 76th year.

THE Academy of Fine Arts has awarded the Troyon prize to M. Saintin.

THE Paris Municipal Loan has been a great success. In Bombay alone the applications amounted in value to more than £400,000.

A PERFORMANCE of Mendelssohn's "Elijah" has this week opened the Birmingham Festival Choral Society's twelfth series of subscription concerts.

THE *Reveil du Dauphiné* declares, on the authority of an eye-witness, that from the time of Prince Napoleon's entry into France, he was received, not with enthusiasm, but, on the contrary, with violent expressions of hatred. The passengers in his train, especially the women, were loud in their taunts to "le cousin du Sédantaire;" and at Grenoble crowded with the most threatening words round the door of the compartment in which were the Prince and his two companions.

BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [457

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 80. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslin, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring or summer wear. [361

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and, he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley. [107

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [148

NOTICE.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1829.
Office—No. 2, BROAD SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER.

TRUSTEES.
The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Bishop Sumner.
The Archdeacon of Maidstone.
Chairman—The Archdeacon of Westminster.
Deputy-Chairman—Robert Few, Esq.
Consulting Actuary—Samuel Brown, Esq.
Actuary—Stewart Helder, Esq.
Physician—Dr. Stone, 13, Vigo Street.
Secretary—Matthew Hodgson, Esq.

Total existing assurances	£4,912,205	0	0
Total annual income	198,314	2	6
Total funds	1,891,915	12	7
Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits	280,000	0	0
Bonus reserve fund	45,453	15	5

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields. Instituted 1799.

Incorporated 1826.
Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President.
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Vice-Presidents.
The Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.
The Right Honourable the Lord TEIGNMOUTH.
ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq.
Treasurer.
SAML. RICHARD BOSANQUET, Esq.
Bankers.
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street.

The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase ot the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation.
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS
Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,
The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps.
283
Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.

HEAD OFFICE: 133, West George Street, Glasgow.
LONDON OFFICE: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

ABSTRACT FROM REPORTS OF 1870 AND 1871, SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

1870.				1871.		
£36,165	8	10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139	2	0
27,554	3	4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243	16	10
13,111	11	1	Losses	22,766	17	7
7,555	10	6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336	11	2
17,067	10	4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869	14	2
68,492	10	4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294	14	2

APPLICATION FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager*.
May, 1871. [370

LAMPLOUGH'S

PYRETIC SALINE

Is noted for making a most invigorating, vitalising, and refreshing draught, that has proved the best preventive of SMALL POX, and Headache, Sea or Bilious Sickness; it quickly cures the worst form of Eruptive or Skin Complaints, and the various diseases arising from Constipation, the Liver, or Blood Impurities, Inoculation, the results of breathing air infected with Fevers, Measles, or other and contagious poisons, *are Cured and Prevented by its Use*. Sold by all Chemists and the Maker. In Patent Glass Stoppered Bottles at 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s. and 21s. each. NOTICE MY TRADE MARK, AND BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.

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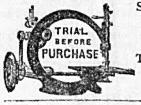

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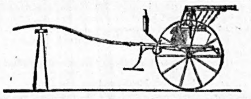

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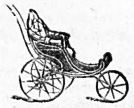

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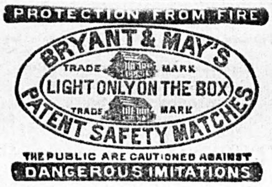

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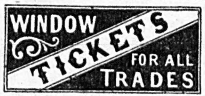

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